

## THE WORLD OF BOOKS.



The complaint that the south has never been treated fairly in our school histories has been met. Dr. J. William Jones has written a school history of the United States.

There's not even a tiny little nerve in the large and heavy make-up of the doctor that does not bound and thrill and throb in unison with southern sentiment. He's southern to the core. Every principle that the south fought for is dear to his heart and the red-hot enthusiasm with which he entered the great civil struggle has not abated one whit in the calm years of peace that have followed.

Dr. Jones was in the heart of the war, and his heart was in the war. He was an actor in its most exciting scenes and was closely related with its principal characters. He was chaplain in the army of northern Virginia; was officially related to both Lee and Jefferson Davis, and knows as much about the moving causes of the war and the inside working of the confederate government as any living man.

Since the war Dr. Jones has been distinguished for his zeal in defending the south's cause and for his loyalty to the heroes of our section. He has never yielded one single inch of argument to northern adversaries, and he has many a time and waxed hotly indignant at things at the people and the section he loves.

It made his soul burn within him to think that histories were being used in the schools that did not deal fairly with the south. He chafed under what he termed most unscrupulous misrepresentation. He determined to write a history.

He has written his book. It is a good sized volume, and while it covers the entire period of our nation's history, from the time of discovery to the present, much more space is given to the period of the civil war than to the other 400 and upward years.

I suppose Dr. Jones felt that other historians had given the other portions of our country's history satisfactorily and fully enough and he concerned himself principally with his mission to put forth the south's side of the civil war.

The history, it must be said, is written from the southern standpoint and in many places partakes strongly of the nature of argument, still due credit is given to northern leaders and the facts are presented convincingly.

It will be said, I feel certain, that the history concerns itself almost exclusively in presenting the struggle from the south's standpoint, and that nearly all of what is written is a record of confederate achievements and northern shortcomings, while, as a history, it should look evenly at both sides. This comment will be made, and the answer to it is found in Dr. Jones's preface.

He states therein that he has heard the general complaint that school histories by northern authors were utterly unfair and misleading both in what they narrate and omit concerning the south's part in the war. The books by southern authors lose their value by an attempt to be neutral and hence colorless the great questions that divide the sections. His

idea was to write a book acceptable to the south and fit to be taught in her schools. Dr. Jones puts the burden of the war upon the north. He accuses the government of breaking faith with the authorities at Fort Sumter, and says that the first gun of the war was fired in John Brown's raid. He says:

"The first gun was really fired by John Brown at Harper's Ferry; the second gun was fired by Major Anderson, when he violated the promise of his government, that the military station at Charleston should not be changed."

He then moves from Mount Pleasant to Sumter; the third gun, by the Star of the West in the attempt to re-enforce and provision Sumter, and the fourth gun in the firing of this powerful armament for the same purpose.

"The policy of the confederacy was peace; the war was begun by the federal government, and that government alone is responsible for all the horrors which ensued. All rhetoric to the effect that the south fired the first gun which began the war cannot alter the facts or relieve the federal government of the solemn responsibility of beginning a war of subjugation against a sovereign state."

Dr. Jones follows in detail the operations of the war, covering all the ground, much of which is known to him from personal experience and observation. He throws the strong light of personal knowledge upon many important scenes of the war.

To the south's heroes he pays the highest tribute he can write. Several pages are devoted to President Davis, and he closes with these lines, appropriate just at this time:

"A noble monument is to be erected in Richmond in his memory; but his fittest monument is in the hearts of his people. A great soldier, an able and incorruptible statesman, a gifted orator, a true patriot, seeking only the good of the land he loved, and a sincere Christian, gentleman, Jefferson Davis is worthy of the study and the imitation of the youth of America."

There's no doubt that Dr. Jones's book will have a wide circulation throughout the south and that it will be introduced in the schools of the south. To its introduction into our schools, not the most rabid sectionalist could object, for in his closing words he says:

"And may we not confidently point to the history of the south during the past thirty-one years as proof that when our chivalric George, of Georgia, on the floor of the United States senate, pledged the north that the men who wore the gray, and their sons, were ready to contribute their full quota of men toward maintaining order at Chicago or anywhere else, and our 'mild-mannered' Senator Daniel, of Virginia, urged resolutions endorsing the president in his measures for enforcing the law, and maintaining order, they but echoed the sentiments of our Southland?"

"Let each section of our country but do justice to the rest, and our new union will have entered upon an era of prosperity and glory unparalleled in the annals of history."

The history is printed by R. H. Woodward Company, of Baltimore, and will be for sale by J. F. Lester.

A few of H. C. Bunner's most delightful sketches have been put into a lovely new volume by the Scribners, which is now being offered to the public. The volume is called "Jersey Streets and Jersey Lanes," and it is the genuine Bunner.

Mr. Bunner had the delightful art of sprinkling his writings with charming touches of human nature, and his death will have no effect upon the fortunes of the book that has just been issued bearing his name. His death was a distinct loss to literature.

"Jersey Streets and Jersey Lanes" is for sale by J. F. Lester.

The Forum for July is a very timely number. It contains an article from Governor W. E. Russell on "Jefferson and His Party Today," "The Presidential Critique as Europeans View It," "Mr. Cleveland's Second Administration," "Theodore Roosevelt as a Historian."

In a little guidebook to "Thruway," which has just been published at The Sevier office, Kirriemuir, by Mr. W. E. Miller, and which is entitled "Thruway," there occurs this interesting note:

"In a little school which was won to exist not many years from the Auld Licht Kirk, Mr. J. M. Barrie received the rudiments of his education. It was a private seminary, the first school Mr. Barrie attended, and was conducted by two sisters, the Misses Adam. In his charming picture of the Hankey school in 'Sentimental Tommy' (now appearing in Scribner's), Mr. Barrie has drawn considerably from his memories of the little seat of learning of a fast receding past."

Mr. Coulson Kernahan makes an amusing reply to a charge of plagiarizing in that beautiful and forcible little book of his, "God and the Ant," says "The Bookman." He thanks his correspondent for calling attention to the curious similarity of a passage in his book to one in Richard Baxter's work, "The Saints' Rest."

"Bad as my booklet may be," says Mr. Kernahan, "it is hardly fair to put the blame upon Baxter. 'Alas, poor Baxter!' I cannot say that I know him well. I know him, for, to my shame be it said, I have never read 'The Saints' Rest.' Did you ever know an author who has read

of a weekly paper called "London," first found him. An extensive article was written in one of the big London papers about the wonderful boy, C. H. Gray, who owned the big grumpy perch works where Curtis was employed, then learned that he had a genius in his payrolls. He looked for the young fellow for the purpose of providing for his education, but he had been forestalled, as the editor of London had taken him up. Special articles in the leading papers began to appear about the boy. Andrew Lang pronounced the verses full of rare promise, and declared they were better than the school verses of Sir Walter Scott. The Westminster Gazette sent a man to interview the lad. He is described as a healthy-looking youngster with sparkling gray eyes and fair skin. The boy became famous. Many flocked to see him. Invitations were showered upon him. But his Maecenas took him in strict charge and sent him to a country district where the boy will be educated, and his intellect developed and put in a normal groove. It is said that for the time all literary efforts of this embryonic laureate will be discouraged.

There is an unhealthy tone to all the verses of the strange archer. It is well that he has been sent to the country, where he can be fed on good butter milk and spring water, and where the wholesome influence of nature will draw out the morbid taint of his disposition.

Here is an effort of the "Boy Poet of Silvertown," as he is commonly called:

THE FACTORY BELL.  
There comes a sound in the morning gray,  
When a faint gleam is heralded  
And it calls the bosoms by cares opprest  
Back from the peace-giving country  
rest.

Calling them back to the workshop's hum  
To the benches long and eager's glare,  
Where the brow of the worker must ever  
be wet.

In the dew of his streaming, honest sweat  
'Tis the factory bell, the morning bell,  
Harsh as the notes of the tuneless knell,  
Calling them back from the dreamland  
fair.

Calling them back to the world of care—  
The loud-clanging factory bell.  
And all in a moment the streets are alive,  
As the toilers pour out, like the bees from  
a hive.

The streets are awake with the tramp and  
the noise  
Of the workers—the men, the women, the  
boys.  
Onward they pour to the factory gates,  
Behind which the meager-paid labor  
swails.

The labor that stifles the mind and the  
soul:  
And, just as they reach them, there sounds  
Of the factory bell, the morning bell,  
Harsh as the notes of its tuneless knell,  
Calling them back from the dreamland  
fair.

Calling them back to the world of care—  
The loud-clanging factory bell.

A LITTLE  
reamer of the Slums

Edmond Curtis, the Juvenile Genius Who  
Has Electrified London. . . . .

A juvenile genius has sprung up to dazzle the literati of London. He is only fifteen years old, comes from a factory hut, and has the poetical name of Edmond Curtis.

Edmond was discovered several months ago. Since that time his name has been spread over all England, and there are thousands awaiting the further development of his marvelous mind.

The boy comes from a respectable Irish family and his father passed through Trinity college, Dublin, but an unfortunate investment made him bankrupt, and for years he has been in absolute poverty.

The father moved to Silvertown, a district where soap and candles are manufactured. Here Edmond Curtis was born, and it was in this evil-smelling community that his intellect was to grow. The boy was placed at a charity school. The editor

A sphere wherein even bread  
Is bitterly fought for, and gained,  
Not at a word or a nod of the head,  
But the sweating of brows hard strained;  
A sphere wherein poverty pinches  
Each little baby face,  
Where stout-hearted manhood flinches  
When staring want in the face,  
Where voices of hungry ones crying  
Are heard in the streets by day,  
And until the night is dying  
The drunken ones cursing away,  
How shall I laugh over life when each  
day  
Brings back these scenes o'er again?  
How shall I look over life as gay,  
When round me are toll and pain?  
Forgive me, and think not 'tis so pre-  
mature.

My grieving o'er life so divine  
But while I am treading the paths of the  
poor  
Their feelings shall also be mine.

Master Curtis has never yielded to the popular craze and straddled a bicycle, but his inventive genius is equal to all tasks. He writes:

In the coolness of an evening,



EDMOND CURTIS.

The Boy Poet of Silvertown, Who Has Startled England With His Wonderful Verses.

And the sun across the heavens  
His allotted path is tracing,  
Oh! the sweetest hour of twilight,  
When to mount the moonless steed,  
Down the lane of summer verdure,  
Like a specter gaunt to speed;  
To see the blushing roses,  
Lowliest red or daintiest white,  
Close their petals gently  
As they seem to say good night;  
And the loving of the cattle  
Cuddling from o'er the distant hill,  
And the lark above the pastures  
Its impassioned song doth thrill.

This is Edmond Curtis. It may be that he will develop into a great poet. Such an unnatural mind, however, never fares well.

In looking over the lines of Edmond Curtis and the sketch of his short life, I recalled the tragic career of Chatterton, and the comparison of the two boys is not at all ill-suited. To me no character in literature is more marvelous than this little, dreaming scrap of humanity who puzzled Horace Walpole, made fun of all the gray-beards of Bristol, and startled the community with his discovery of ancient English manuscripts. Southey declares that Thomas Chatterton was insane, and draws his conclusion from the strange will made out by the boy just before he drank the fatal glass of arsenic. It may be that he was unbalanced, but Chatterton was a humorist as well as a poet, and while the wisecracks of his town were struggling to get the meaning of the wonderful productions found in the old bridge, Chatterton was locked up in his garret cackling in his sleeve.

Like Curtis Chatterton sprang out of obscurity. There is a similarity of tone in the verses of the youngsters. Chatterton says:

Joyless I seek the solitary shade,  
And dusky contemplation veils the  
scene,  
The dark retreat of leafless branches  
made.

Where sickening sorrow wets the yellow-  
green.

A dreary stillness broods o'er all the vale,  
The clouded moon emits a feeble glare,  
Joyless I seek the darkling hill and dale,  
Where'er I wander sorrow still is there.

These lines were written when Chatterton had reached the age of thirteen. Soon afterwards he gave the world to understand that he had found in an ancient church a rare lot of old poems, written by a priest named Rowley. He believed they would not be accepted as his own production and thought to have a little fun with the critics.

Canon Farrar thinks the following the best of Chatterton's work. It was written when he was about the same age as the Silvertown genius, and is selected from his Rowley productions:

Oh, sing to me my roundelay,  
Dance no more at holy-day,  
Like a running river be  
My love is dead  
Gone to his death-bed,  
All under the willow tree.

Black his locks as the winter night,  
White his skin as the summer snow,  
Red his face as the morning light,  
To the love is dead,  
Gone to his death-bed,  
All under the willow tree.

Hark! the raven naps his wing,  
In the briar dell below:  
Hark! the owl does sing,  
To the love is dead,  
Gone to his death-bed,  
All under the willow tree.

Whether the new Chatterton shall follow the fate of the "Mad Poet of Bristol," cannot be told.

The career of this will be eagerly watched.

Out of weakness, new strength when the blood has been purified, enriched and vitalized by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

J. M.  
HIGH  
& CO.

WE HAVE BEEN

WORKING HARD  
SINCE JULY 1st TAKING AN  
Inventory  
Of Stock.

This will be completed in a few days. Pending the footing up of the BALANCE SHEETS and the arrival of J. M. High, who is en route to America to wind up the affairs of the old firm, we will offer some special attractions to bargain seekers on MONDAY, TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY in the shape of odd lots from each and every Department. Goods taken in stock at a mere song, and prices put on them that will insure a speedy clearance.

J. M. HIGH &amp; CO.

OUR GREAT  
ACTUAL COST  
SALE

Will continue until the reorganization of the new firm. Many odd lots and single pieces will be closed out at a fraction of their first cost.

## Tumblers.

Our regular 35c dozen Tumblers Monday 9 to 12 o'clock, 1 doz. only to a customer 15c dozen

## Vinegar Cruets.

Last week we sold our 10c kind for 5c, but Monday the 25c kind will go, one only to a customer, 9c each

## Fruit Jars,

Less Than Factory Cost.

Pints ..... 65c dozen  
Quarts ..... 80c dozen  
1/2 Gallon ..... \$1.00 dozen

## Cut Glass.

Three gross genuine Cut Glass Salts and Peppers, new shapes and cuttings, imported for the holiday business, worth 49c, special at..... 25c each

## 19c Table.

Many new things on this table, worth three times the price.

## Cups and Saucers.

Decorated Cups and Saucers, worth \$1.50 dozen, Monday day at..... 50c set

## Berry Sets.

Large glass Bowl and six Nappies to match, special Monday at..... 39c each

## Dolls, Dolls.

500 small dressed Dolls, worth 5c each, now two for..... 5c

18 elegantly dressed Dolls, worth \$4.50 each, special sale next week at..... \$1.25 each

## Dinner Sets.

16 English Decorated semi-Porcelain 100-piece Dinner Sets, worth \$7.50, special sale next week at..... \$5.98 each

All our fine Dinner Sets now just half their real value.

## The Best Oil Stove

On the market, guaranteed not to smoke, worth 50c each, 69c, at..... 50c each

## Copper Tea Kettles

Worth Twice These Prices.

\$2.50 kind now..... \$1.00 each  
\$1.50 kind now..... 75c each

## Silverware.

Extra Heavy Silver Plate.

Table Spoons..... 50c set  
Dessert Spoons..... 50c set  
Forks..... 50c set  
Tea Spoons..... 25c set

## Water Coolers.

8-gallon size for..... \$3.50  
6-gallon size for..... \$2.50  
4-gallon size for..... \$2.00  
2-gallon size for..... \$1.25

## White Vienna China.

Breakfast Plates advertised by others at 98c, all next week take as many as you want at..... 83c dozen

Vienna China Tea Plates, other people get 75c, our price..... 69c dozen

Vienna China Cups and Saucers, cost \$1.25 to import, 50c set Monday..... 50c set

## FORREST HIGH,

"High's Basement."











# Chamberlin-Johnson-DuBose Company.

## Telling the Truth and Shaming the Devil of Advertising.

To what ridiculous extremes some dealers go for a plausible reason to justify their frequent "special sales." It is the principal problem that confronts the advertiser of sensational bargain(?) sales. Tomorrow we begin a *genuine* Bargain Sale that will continue two weeks, and touch every department beneath our roof. We don't believe in the spread eagle style. Leave that to the stores which are unwise enough to use it. A plain, honest statement of real facts will do for us. Getting the stock clean for inventory is a laudable undertaking, and by telling the truth it can be used with good effect in our advertising. There's no need making a tremendous hurrah about it. It can be done in a perfectly dignified way, and is better that way than any other. We have had a grand season, and are now willing to sacrifice a host of things in order to make invoicing easier. That's the unromantic and prosaic business-like inspiration of the following low prices:

## Concerning the Qualities of Our Present Merchandise Offerings.

To all our old patrons it is unnecessary for us to commend as worthy the goods that we today present. However insignificant the price, they know that the article is all that it should be. We challenge anyone to search closely through every corner of the store and find the merest mite of trash. We never buy trash; therefore we never sell trash. For thirty years we have been conspicuous as the *one place* where qualities and styles could be thoroughly depended upon all the time. The quotations today represent phenomenal cheapness—but in the whole vast assembly of merchandise there's not the least vestige of rubbish. We begin taking stock in two weeks, and until then we want to reduce it in bulk as much as possible. Will lose some money in the effort—you make it. No regrets here.

### Furniture, Carpets, Mattings, Rugs, Curtains and Draperies at Greatly Reduced Prices.

Large quantity best Brands of Prints, including Simpsons and like qualities, fresh goods, principally in light colors, full width and warranted fast dye, worth regularly 6c; our price now.....**3c**

Nearly one hundred pieces—not remnants, but full bolts—pretty Wash Goods, including Tulle Chatelaine, Madras, Jaconat Duchesse, Figured Dimities and Lawns, worth regularly 12½c and 15c; our price now.....**5c**

Illuminated Cotton Suitings, just the stuff for two-piece suits for traveling or country wear. If you didn't know you'd think them all wool; grays, browns, greens; worth regularly 12½c; our price now.....**7½c**

Limited lot, about twenty bolts, of the genuine McBride's fine imported Irish Dimities; the printings are the clearest and loveliest seen this season; worth regularly 25c; our price now.....**12½c**

Printed French Organdies—the best grade ever sent from over-sea, delicate as a cobweb, most artistic and daintiest colorings and designs, worth regularly 40c; our price now.....**20c**

Striped Grass Linen Batiste—the contrast resulting from the clean, cool brown surface and bright tinted narrow stripes is striking and beautiful; worth regularly 60c; our price now.....**33c**

Silk and-Linen Striped Gauze—a Parisian novelty—worth regularly \$1.75; our price now 75c. Silk-and-Linen Plaided Batiste, exquisite for waists, worth regularly \$1.00; our price now.....**50c**

One lot All-over Linen Embroideries, also limited assortment of finely Embroidered Swiss Skirtings for children's dresses; worth regularly \$1.00 and \$1.50; our price now.....**50c**

Quite a variety of handsome Point d'Gene and Irish Point Laces in pure white and deep ecru, elegant designs—not remnants, worth regularly up to \$1.50; our price now.....**35c**

Large lot Ecru and White Laces and Embroidered Linen Bands. These are not mere odds and ends, but nice, worthy and fresh goods, worth regularly up to 75c; our price now.....**10c**

Embroidered Linen Collars and Fronts. Some have white Swiss dots, some are edged with canary-colored Valenciennes, others are plain. Those worth up to \$4.00 are now \$1.50; those worth up to \$1.75 are now.....**65c**

Tan, Black and Orange colored Leather Belts, medium widths, stitched leather buckles—about two hundred Belts in the offering, worth regularly 35c; our price now.....**15c**

Tan, Brown and Orange colored Stitched Leather Belts, also neat Alligator effects, the original prices were 50c and 75c; will make a clean sweep of them at.....**25c**

Red, Green, Gray, Yellow and Tan Kid Belts, lined with white kid, and white kid buckles, slightly soiled from handling, regularly worth up to \$1.25; our price now.....**25c**

A long counter is heaped with Women's Nobby Shirt Waists—broken sizes, and styles of our \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2.00 goods. These are bargains, sure; your choice at.....**68c**

Fisk, Clark & Fagg's fine Madras Shirt Waists—checks, stripes and figures. If you wanted one and the price was a barrier, that barrier is now removed, were \$3.00; now at.....**\$1.98**

We have just sixty-two Parasols left—all are novelties, bought by us within the last two months. Grass Linen Cloths, Silks and Satins—all colors, shapes and styles, worth from \$3.50 to \$7.50; choice at.....**\$2.48**

Women's 40-gauge Hermsdorf Black Hose, spliced heel and toe, worth 20c; at 11c. Women's extra fine Maco Cotton Hermsdorf Black Hose, high spliced heel and double sole, worth 25c; reduced to.....**18c**

Best quality Hermsdorf-dyed Black Hose, elastic tops, fancy Richelieu ribbed, high spliced heels, worth 35c; at 21c. Hermsdorf Black Super Lisle Thread Hose, high spliced heels and double soles, worth 50c; at.....**29c**

Women's Summer Ribbed Vests, sleeveless, nicely finished and comfortable-fitting. By taking large quantities we have been enabled to sell them at 25c; our price now.....**15c**

Men's Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers. No clothing store in town can duplicate this quality under 75c; we've been selling 'em at 60c; our price now.....**39c**

Men's fine Lisle thread Shirts and Drawers, the regular dollar = grades; our price all along has been 75c; we now close 'em out at.....**49c**

White Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, with neat colored borders. The sort that never comes amiss where there are children, worth regularly 5c; our price now.....**2c**

Butter-milk and Cream Toilet Soap—neat box containing three cakes; sells everywhere at 9c. We limit each customer to one box and will on Monday sell them at.....**5c**

Genuine White Castile Soap—the sort with that fresh, wholesome, clean odor, warranted pure, worth regularly 5c per cake; our price for Monday is.....**3c**

Extra quality Cream Laid Superfine Note Paper, ruled or unruled at 18c per pound. Cream Plate-finished Note Paper, ruled or unruled, worth regularly 30c; our price now.....**15c**

Dainty Box containing one quire of Satin-finished Cream Note Paper and Envelopes to correspond, regularly worth 35c all over town; our price for Monday is.....**17c**

Lot of Linen Huckaback Towels, worth \$2.50 the doz. will close 'em out at \$1.75. Also one lot of knotted Fringed Damask Towels, broche borders, size 22x45 in. worth \$3.50 doz; now at.....**\$2.40**

Webb's all-Linen Huckaback Towels, red, white, orange and blue borders, hemstitched, size 21x40 inches; worth regularly in any market at retail \$4.00 per dozen; our price now.....**\$2.65**

Fine Double Satin Table Damask, exquisite patterns—every fibre sure flax—imported direct; 72-in. worth \$1.25 at 75c; 68-in. worth \$1.00 at 65c, and 66-in. worth 75c at.....**55c**

Fifty dozen Dinner Napkins, size 18x18 in., check and dot designs, thick, sturdy linen—not a thread of tow or iota of sizing, regularly worth \$2.25 the dozen; our price now.....**\$1.33**

German Damask Hemstitched Table Sets, 2½ yards wide and 3½ yards long, Napkins to match, immense size, worth regularly \$25.00; our price now.....**\$12.50**

### Colored Dress Silks.

Looms of Europe, designers and dyers, never combined to produce more sterling Silks than we have to show and sell you. The whole brilliant and shimmering sisterhood of Taffetas and Warp Prints are here in serried array. The beauty of myriad styles—Ombres, Jacquards, Dresdens, Sevres, Persians, Orientals and Jardinieres—charm your artistic sense. Under the potent spell of genuine cheapness, that beauty is generously heightened. You may now come here and procure the finest Silks at fractional prices. The whole history of Southern retailing records no instance where such goods were sold so recklessly.

Black Silks are reduced just as sharply as the Fancy ones.

### Colored Dress Goods.

The scope, volume and variety of this stock make it utterly impossible for us to print lucid descriptions, or convey to your minds the character of the Bargains that are regnant in this store just now. Long ago legitimate and reasonable profits were lost sight of. Ever since warm weather we have cut, cut, cut, cut and cut the prices of Colored Dress Goods until sad havoc has been played with original and actual cost. Now the climax has been reached. To-morrow morning we will sell you choice of the entire stock—including Novelty Pattern Suits at 25 per cent. less than present marked prices. In many cases this means that you may secure your pick for about one-quarter less than we paid.

### Black Dress Goods

This is the final wind-up of a marvelously successful season in Black Goods. Black Stuffs have been and are still the rage—no well-informed or well-wardrobed woman will doubt that statement. Advanced Fashion Notes predict that the Autumn will eclipse all preceding periods for the wearing of Black—young and old—maid and matron—the woman world will revel in Black. That's why these immense reductions in fine and desirable Black Fabrics are so important. We don't think we will ever show you a richer or choicer or rarer selection of weaves. For all that, prices are cut remorselessly.

36 in. <b>French Serge</b> reduced from 25c to..... <b>19c</b>	36 in. <b>Wool Figures</b> reduced from 50c to..... <b>29c</b>	38 in. <b>Cheviot Serge</b> reduced from 50c to..... <b>35c</b>	50 in. <b>French Serge</b> reduced from 60c to..... <b>36c</b>	22 in. <b>Silk Fig. Japans</b> reduced from 75c to..... <b>40c</b>	38 in. <b>Nun's Veiling</b> reduced from \$1.00 to..... <b>65c</b>	48 in. <b>Figured Mohair</b> reduced from \$1.25 to..... <b>75c</b>
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**Chamberlin-Johnson-DuBose Company.**

Relig

Dr. T. B. Bell, of the church this morning.

Dr. Bell enjoys an eloquent and well known presence of the strongest man. Special music by J. P. O'Donnell. Gramme has been Rev. A. C. Ward, Baptist church, will day. He has been several Sundays on and returned yesterday with him.

Mr. Henry Hall, summer opera company, Grand, will sing in this morning. from Mendelssohn's "With All Your Heart."

Services at the church Sunday will Samuel Taylor, sacrament will be day night prayer. Young People's Society urged to attend cordial welcome.

"Patriotism" This morning, at Rev. W. S. Hall, of patriotism, as a civic citizenship. The subject is patriotism. Dr. Ward will utterances and affected popular sentiment. While it is true the element in the community, it is a character and ready favorably who have heard or

The Prominent Time Men

aim. His wide ex minister and his various sections broad comprehension there is a charm delivery which is interesting. The thoughtful consideration should take advantage to hear Dr. Vail, be devoted to a Jonah, in which he and sentiment with by this remarkable ing service made in God's beautiful Art My Protector."

First Baptist church, Waltham street, 1st at 9:30 a. m., A. P. unt.

Second Baptist church, and Mitchell street, Donald, pastor. Services by the pastor, meeting every Wednesday church prayer night.

Third Baptist church, Chester, pastor. Services 7:30 p. m. by the pastor.

Central Baptist church, Gwin, pastor. Services by the pastor, Young People's Union, every night, Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Fifth Baptist church, Oliver street, Rev. J. C. Allen, superintendent. Junior meets every Wednesday at 8 p. m. Wednesday at 8 p. m. Wednesday at 8 p. m. third Sunday, 11 p. m. vited to attend.

Jackson Hill Baptist son street and East Macgregor, pastor. worship by the pastor, p. m. Sunday school or meeting Wednesday cordially welcome.

West End Baptist Rev. S. J. James, 10 o'clock a. m. and ordinance of baptism at the close of school, 8:30 a. m.intendent, Young p. m., Dr. J. G. Prayer meeting 8 o'clock.

Capitol Avenue T. Spalding, pastor, and 7:45 p. m. by the at 9:30 a. m. Prayer evening at 8 o'clock.

Sixth Baptist church, pastor. Services by the pastor, Sunday, 11 p. m. by Rev. J. C. Wilson, superintendent Wednesday at 8 p. m.

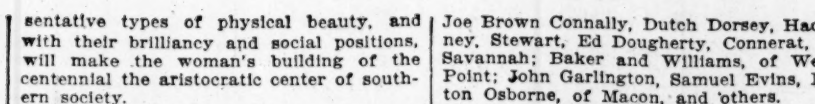
Calvary Baptist church and Capital street, pastor. Preaching by the pastor, 10 a. m., J. E. Ragsdale, meeting Wednesday men's prayer meeting 7:45. The public services.

Seventh Baptist church, avenue and Jackson, pastor. Services 11 p. m. by Rev. J. C. Wilson, 9:30 a. m., 1 p. m.









Miss Palmer Phelan, who has been the guest of Miss Daisy Holliday for the past three weeks, has returned to her home in Greenboro.

Miss Nannie McMillan has returned from Augusta, where she has been visiting Mr. McMillan, who is absent from the city. Miss McMillan was entertained in Miss Lombard at Beaufort, S. C., and 2 be.

Mrs. T. L. Callings and children are spending the summer at Saltillo, Va.

Miss Sallie Dorr left Thursday for Mobile, Ala., where she will be visiting about two months.

Mr. David Elsemann leaves today for Baltimore.

Mrs. Robert J. Latta calls a meeting of the Grady hospital auxiliary for Tuesday morning at 8 o'clock in the parlors of the Young Men's Christian Association.

Miss Kathryn Staley, one of the most prominent newspaper writers of New York is the city. She is widely known in the literary and newspaper world and is a regular contributor to Forum, The Illustrated Magazine, New York Journal and American Wheelman.

The *patent*...

swimming party Friday morning. Among those present were: Mrs. J. W. English Jr., Mr. Albert Howell, Jr., Mrs. Clarence K. Harris, Mr. J. W. Harris, Mr. George Harris, Mrs. Bailey Thomas, Mr. Tompkins, Misses English, Miss Chisholm and others.

\*\*\*

A charming evening of music and recitations was spent at Major Warren's, 1214 North 10th street, last night. Howard contributed most of the music. Mrs. Laura Branham, of Atlanta, played Golar's second mairnarka. Miss Emily Langford sang "The Old Church Steeple" and good and Miss Singleton won much applause with their recitations.

Rev. A. C. Ward has returned from visit to St. Simon's and will occupy the pulpit in the Eighth Baptist church today.

Invitations have been issued by Mr. J. Harding to the marriage of his daughter, Miss Mary Harding, to Mr. W. B. Beardsley, on July 28th. The ceremony will be performed by Rev. W. S. Vail at the Church of Our Father, at 6 o'clock in the evening. Miss Harding is a lady of many lovely traits of character and has many friends who wish her every happiness. Mr. Beardsley is connected with the Standard Air-Line and highly esteemed by his employers.

\*\*\*

Mrs. Alston Law, with her pretty little girl, Miss Deryl, and Mrs. Van Hout Nash, with Miss Belle Nash, are spending the

present month in Virginia.

Miss Georgia Duncan left Friday for Sweetwater, Tenn., where she will spend the summer.

\*\*\*

Captain and Mrs. John A. Miller have returned from a ten day stay at St. Simon's Island.

\*\*\*

Miss Marie Holliday, after a delightful visit to Cumberland, is home again.

\*\*\*

Misses Lizzie Macaulay and Katie Lyness have returned after a pleasant trip to New York and Boston.

\*\*\*

The proposed trip of the Woman's Press Club to Columbia is an interesting and delightful one in which some of the cleverest and most advanced literary women of the state will travel together through the South, and visit the most famous spots of North Carolina, where they will spend several days of sight seeing. Among the ladies of the party will be Miss Ellen Dorch, Mrs. Leonora Dorch, Mrs. J. M. Dorch, Mrs. Wm. Williams King and Mrs. A. P. Penn.

En route to Nova Scotia they will visit Old Point Comfort, Newport, R. I.; Boston and New York City.

Previous to their trip north the Woman's Press Club will convene with the Press Association at Elberton on July 13th, and the following will be the members of the prominent Georgia women who will take part: Mrs. Richard Ellis, of Atlanta; Miss Mary Worley, of Athens; Mrs. M. A. Lipcom of Athens; Mrs. Mary E. Bryan, and others.

Miss Ella Powell will return from Richmond today.

Miss Marion May leaves soon for Nashville on the railroad.

Mrs. Hennie Hill Thompson, with her mother, Mrs. Benjamin H. Hill, and her daughter, Miss Augusta Thompson, is spending the summer in Virginia.

Miss Caroline Thompson will spend the summer on the coast of Maine.

Miss Joan Clark and Miss Addie Maule are with Mrs. Joseph Thompson at Brookwood.

The L. L. M. Club held a delightful meeting yesterday at the residence of Miss Georgia Wilson.

Miss Louise Dubose, of Athens, will visit Atlanta soon.

Mrs. Loulie M. Gordon will return home this week from a delightful trip north.

Mrs. James Freeman is entertaining delightfully at her summer home at Ft. Shoals. Miss Lillian Goldsmith is at present her guest.

Miss Jennie English has returned from the country home of Miss Kingsbury, near Carrollton.

Among the many history classes none can show better results than the ladies made up of a few young married ladies.

ager. He would wonder at the du-loads of pale face, who every day over from Flovilla. He would listen tranced to the beautiful music p-daily by the Atlanta orchestra, the artistic leadership of Professor J. Wurm, which would remind him of other soothing music made in the long ago by the dashing swags, as laughingly leaped over the rock of Big Sandy, which is the English for beautiful Indian name of the stream the right. He would marvel at the

quire grace with  
and gallant beaux "tip the light fan  
toe" in the large, elegant and airy  
room, standing upon the exact spot  
his wampumunited braves were  
silence. The rattlesnake and drive the  
rows into bear and deer in the days  
gone. He would rejoice to see that  
still, who owns little bonanza of he  
still preserves it free to all as the sun  
and the air—a place where the lame  
halt, the blind, the rich, the poor,  
great still meet upon the common  
of humanity and drink to Georgia and  
Creator, who has vouchsafed this

of happiness—which is only a long way  
spelling health—to all men, women  
children. He would be impressed by  
moderate rates at which a visitor may  
joy the Wigwam and the spring.

But he would be simply amazed  
with these great blessings, within  
hours' ride of Atlanta and one of M  
those beautiful cities do not pour  
dreds of their health-needing and plea  
loving denizens into this ballwick  
week of the season, where there is e  
thing to catch the eye, to delight the  
to fascinate the fancy, to touch the h

to sooth the troubled mind, to still  
rampant nerves and to build up the  
mattered man.

And now lets all take a drink out of  
NEW DIPPER

**On St. Simon's Island.**

St. Simon's, July 4.—Grand old  
Simon's with its fine beach, large M  
comfortable cottages and large crowd  
in all its glory as in the days of yore  
no time or season has there been a  
pleasant and congenial crowd than  
and everybody is happy in the many p  
ures and attractions that the most pe

The large crowd of bicyclers enjoy long stretch of beach, while dancing, boating, bathing, driving, tennis, billiards form a diversity of amusement that will please any taste.

The young people who enjoy dancing are especially pleased, for the hotel orchestra is the best in years, and many delightful Germans are danced, which adds amusement and pleasure to the smart St. Simon's is always especially gay on the Fourth of July, and today is no exception. Yacht races, picnic school

The large crowd of bicyclers enjoying the beach, while dancing, swimming, boating, bathing, driving, tennis, and billiards form a diversity of amusements that will please any taste. The hotel and the Casino are especially pleased, for the hotel during the summer is the best in years, and many delinquents are attracted to the amusements and pleasure to the summer resort. St. Simon's is always especially gay during the month of July, and today is no exception. Yacht racing, polo, bicycle racing, baseball, etc., has attracted hundreds to this point and the attraction is increasing.

Manager Timberlake is untiring in his efforts to please and personally supervises the arrangements about the resort. He is ably assisted by Mr. J. W. Davenport, George Davenport, two popular and good gentlemen.

There is never a larger or more beautiful set of young ladies, or chivalrous young men here than now, and they find only the young can enjoy themselves.

Manager Timberlake is untiring in his efforts to please and personally supervises the work about the resort. He is ably assisted by two popular and capable gentlemen, Joe Davenport, two popular and capable gentlemen.

There is never a larger or more beautiful set of young ladies, or chivalrous young men here than now, and they pay a visit here at least once a year.

There is no resort that can claim for itself a larger number of more beautiful spots or fascinating scenery than the age throng are: Misses No. 1, Spoor, Mattie McDavid, Dick Walker, H. J. Ellis, of Macon; Miss Nesbitt, of Atlanta; Miss Whorton, Miss Weakly, of Nashville; Misses E. and M. Bruns, of Macon; and Lily Whitfield, of Brunswick.

One of the liveliest and most enterprising and most interesting ever visited any resort is from Montgomery.

Continued on page seven

**STORE,  
ALL STREET,  
ing Pertaining to Ladies'  
ncy Goods, Notions, Etc.**

**STORE,  
ALL STREET,  
ing Pertaining to Ladies'  
ncy Goods, Notions, Etc.  
ARANCE SALE  
MMER GOODS**

**ANCE SALE**  
**MMER GOODS**  
ual inventory. Having too many  
duced. For the next two weeks des  
will be sold at and below Net  
in best values for your money, co  
E of fresh and new Goods, guarant  
ney refunded.

**HIRT WAISTS.**  
less than \$1.25, and many 95  
2 at. 29  
75c, closing  
every best, mind you, at 50c and 55c  
these cosy comforts at low prices th  
for Handkerchiefs, Gloves and Wo

**TI RT WAISTS.**  
less than \$1.25, and many 95  
e at..... 29  
75c, closing.....  
these cosy comforts at low prices the  
for Handkerchiefs, Gloves and Wo  
ts, which we will sell out at a  
sale.  
down so low that you will be asto  
will get for little money. Men's Fren  
ers, with pearl buttons, that 2  
at.....  
**IN UNDERWEAR**  
We don't intend to carry any good  
er. so we will sell them with lith

...which we will sell out at a sale.  
down so low that you will be astonished.  
I'll get for little money. Men's French  
suits, with pearl buttons, that 2  
at .....  
**IN UNDERWEAR**  
We don't intend to carry any goods  
over, so we will sell them with little  
margin.  
Socks at 23c, 30c and 50c.  
Reduced to ridiculously low prices.  
40c and 50c, reduced to 23c and 30c.  
Socks left, the \$3 and \$4 grades, with  
at \$1.80.  
Socks, that were \$1, in 4-button  
50c.  
finest quality, with or without buttons.

overs at 23c, 30c and 50c.  
reduced to ridiculously low prices.  
40c and 50c, reduced to 23c and 30c.  
sols left, the \$3 and \$4 grades, with  
at \$1.80.  
able, that were \$1, in 4-button  
50c.  
finest quality, with or without but-  
ts, worth 35c and 50c, closing on  
I'll sell them at prices you would pay  
in and fancy braids that were \$1 and  
then—Finest French Lisle Hose, best  
were 25c and 35c, in plain and dress

ts, worth 35c and 50c, closing on  
I'll sell them at prices you would pay  
in and fancy braids that were \$1 an  
ren—Finest French Lisle Hose, best  
it were 25c and 35c, in plain and d  
were 50c, now 35c.  
ing out price 75c.  
ced to 69c.

**F. C. H. SIMON**  
Small Street.

Birmingham, Ala.;  
Alabama; Ala.; Al-  
bany; Albany; Ala.  
Montgomery; Ala.  
gomery; Mrs. W.  
Mrs. M. C. Claiborne,  
Atkinson, Atlanta,  
ville, Tenn.;  
Tenn.; M. D. Don-  
and family, Mont-  
Fred Criss, Mont-  
America, Ga.; J.  
R. B. McDavid and  
llam Kirk.

Where the L  
Warm Springs.  
The past week has  
at Warm Springs,  
the many promi-  
been attending the  
Bar Association, a  
gians who are ap-  
Among the arrivals  
such well-known  
J. F. Park, Ge-  
Columbus; J. A.  
son, Walker, C.  
wife and son, Du-  
bus; J. Carroll H-  
son, Mrs. W. E. R-  
er, Mr. and Mrs.  
Johnson, Atlanta;  
Levi S. Dun, M.  
Miss M. Lane, H-  
Lane, Macon; M-  
children, Atlanta;  
Thomas, Ala.;  
T. J. Thorton,  
Thomas, E. A. W-  
Kynthe, Atlanta;  
Smith, Atlanta;  
E. J. William C-  
Atlanta; Mrs. W-  
H. L. Pope and w-  
Cleveland and w-  
H. Lumpkin,  
W. A. Brown, S-  
College Park, Ga.  
G. W. E. B. B-  
gomery; Emory S-  
America; T. L. B-  
Meadow, Daniel-  
son; E. W. Mart-  
Lawrenceville; W-  
W. B. Hill, Mac-  
Donough; Hollis-  
Edwin D. New-  
Thomas, Mrs. E-  
M. Caldwell, M-  
Miss Buan, Lim-  
New York; John  
Harris, Macon; J-  
West Point, Ga.;  
Smith, Mrs. L. B-  
Smith, Atlanta; H-  
Ga.; Miss Julia  
Callaway, wife of  
Holland and wife  
New York; R. A-  
son, Mr. and w-  
Erwin, Z. D. H-  
Johnson, Atlanta;  
T. A. Hammon-  
mond, Atlanta;  
ville; Mr. and A-  
three children, W-  
terville; Mr. and  
Atlanta; H. W-  
C. M. Atwrey, J-  
M. Burrus, J-  
H. Pittman, M-  
Griffin, Ga.; Beac-  
S. W. Thornton,  
Wright, Atlanta;  
Judge George H-  
Hillyer, Atlanta;  
Russell, Kumbrie-  
ville; S. N. W-  
M. Ridley and s-  
W. Park, Green-  
Atlanta; Hamil-  
Hon R. J. Ham-  
Hill, Bonham, A-  
Hall, Newman, V-  
Carroll, A. H. H-  
Ingrin Dessau, M-  
George F. Goh-  
rin, Atlanta; J-  
Ga.; Howard V-  
Terrell, Green-  
Claud Estes and  
Macon; M. H-  
Thomaston, Ga-  
R. L. Barlett and  
R. D. Bender at  
Anderson, Shil-  
Kline, Savannah;  
J. S. B. B-  
Hobbs, Washing-  
ton, Atlanta; G-  
Winstead, Wash-  
M. R. read; J. H-  
James T. W-  
R. J. Washington;  
Welleler Hills, S-  
lanta; T. S. W-  
tie, Atlanta; W-  
N. Nunnally, W-  
nelly, LaGrange.

Madison, Ga. J-  
happy wedding o-  
the home of the  
in Coconne coun-  
Knott, of this cit-  
mond, of Atlanta;  
wife, Mr. Knott  
retained and his  
he has won a love-  
Miss Annah G-  
Plantist, who  
personality has  
here, left last  
where she will an-  
Miss Mattie H-  
charming bevy of  
at her home on S-  
are: Misses Luc-  
of Macon, and M-  
Ponder, of Fair-  
Mrs. R. U. Th-  
and attractive  
left today for Co-  
Mr. and Mrs. R-  
left last Tuesday  
N. C., their of-  
Miss Cecile H-  
an extended visi-  
Tyler.  
Mr. and Mrs. J-  
lania, are well on  
this week.  
Miss Sallie J-  
attractive young  
May for Allen, W-  
Weeks.  
Miss James J-  
charming party to  
Mr. and Mrs. P-  
little children  
guests of Mr. and  
next week.  
Miss Irene Pow-  
been visiting her  
this week.  
Mrs. Mayson at  
Edgewood, are given  
A. Warlick.

At New Y  
One of the most  
have occurred this  
sive such a party  
last evening. The  
Misses Holland,  
was won by Miss  
woman's prize was  
Tom Sims had the  
Those present w-  
Mattie and Bell C-  
Comer, Jennie  
Kate Garner, Mrs.  
and Lizzie Hatten-  
Reelwine, Jr., T-  
Comer Ehrhard, W-  
P. Bell and W-  
Mr. King, of At-  
delightful refresh-

The woman who  
table the finest s-  
should see that  
each place. It is a

POSTPONED

Bicycle Races  
Not Occur

The bicycle jub-  
taken place yest-  
Moody taberna-  
until next Thurs-  
The rain that  
just before the  
caused those who  
at home.

As it was three  
races were run,  
which was the  
The Chinese  
in the art of  
only added to  
fell off many  
down posts with  
succeeded in sta-  
time.

It is thought the  
night, will draw  
doors of the  
open next Thurs-  
sport can be seen  
will be rendered  
ets to the idlers  
place yesterday  
to use them.







74-76 Whitehall Street.

DOUGHERTY &amp; MORPHY

"The Fair's" Old Stand

# AGE WILL NOT SOUR THIS ADVERTISEMENT

## It Therefore Absolutely Holds Good for Monday and Tuesday.

**SPECIAL.**

2,000 yards 4-4 Fruit of the Loom Bleaching.....6c  
6 Pieces Beautiful Figured Dress Swiss, that were 25c, to go in this sale.....15c

**SPECIAL.**

We have four lines Figured French Dimities that have been selling for 20c, 25c, 29c and 33c, all to go in this sale for.....15c

**Wirt Waists.**

Over 300 Shirt Waists on Center nters. The prices on these waists have been cut half in two. Have five counters.

Counter No. 1 will be found pretty Percale Waists in checks, stripes and figures; they were 79c; they are now.....39c

Counter No. 2 consists of Waists made of dainty figured Percales with laundered collars and cuffs, they were \$1.00; they are now.....50c

From Counter No. 3 for 75c you can buy a handsome Grass Linen, Percale or Organdie Waist in solid color or figures, with detachable collars, that was \$1.65; think of the price!.....75c

Counter No. 4 contains Waists made of the prettiest of Grass Linens, and Printed Organdies of the latest designs, they were marked \$1.98, your choice.....\$1.00

Counter No. 5—The Waists on this table cannot be duplicated elsewhere for twice what we ask for them; nothing handsomer, prettier or newer than these goods, they sell everywhere

**Wash Goods.**

from \$2.25 to \$3.00; we have marked them all one price.....\$1.25

There is not one of these Waists but what is well made and has the new style sleeves.

Be Sure and See These Waists.

**Hosiery.**

Men's seamless Half Hose, now pair.....50c

Men's 19c flat black Hose, reduced pair.....10c

Genuine Shawknit Half Hose that were 25c, pair.....15c

25 dozen regular made Half Hose that are worth 12 1/2c pair, for.....8 1/2c

Hermesdorf dye 15c number of Ladies' Hose, for this sale, pair.....10c

50c real Silk Lisle Hose, plain or cluster rib, for.....35c

Children's 15c Seamless Hose, now.....10c

Misses' 19c Tan Hose will be closed out for.....10c

Ladies' high spliced heel and Silk finish Hose, now.....24c

Ladies' 98c all Silk Hose for.....49c

**Table Linens.**

These are Rare Bargains.  
All-White Half Bleached Table Damask for this sale.....25c

\$1.00 yard Bleached Table Damask, 2 yards wide, now.....68c

Turkey red, oil-boiled Table Linen that was 50c yard, now.....34c

10 dozen large Huck Towels, all linen; they are worth 25c each, for this sale.....15c

500 large Turkish Towels; they were 20c, are now.....8c

25 dozen extra large Cotton Towels, sold everywhere for 10c each; will be sold for.....5c

Swivel Silk or Silk Gingham that were 30c yard, for.....29c

Our Stock Must Be Reduced.

\$1.25 and \$1.50 Black Brocade Silk and Satins are now.....79c

30c Plain and Figured China Silks now.....15c

\$1.30 27-inch Black Beau de Soie Silk, cut.....98c

75c Black Surah and China Silks reduced.....49c

50c Black and Colored China Silks now.....39c

We Sell the Best of Linings at the Lowest Prices.

Best Silk Cambric made, Splendid quality for.....35c

Grass Cloth.....10c

All Linen Canvas.....12 1/2c

Barred or plain Crinoline.....7c

Good Drilling.....6 1/2c

Best Wigan.....8c

Two-fake Percale or Silica.....12 1/2c

Box with 3 cakes of Brown's Buttermilk Soap, box.....8c

**Black Dress Goods.**

These are Some of Our Leaders.  
Priestley's 44-inch Black Brocade Novelty, worth \$1.25, now.....87c

14-inch black Figured Jacquards, full 46 inches wide, that were 70c yard, reduced.....59c

38-inch Black Figured Mohairs, in pretty patterns, usual price 50c, cut.....39c

40-inch Black Plain Brilliantine that was 50c, now.....29c

38-inch Black, all-wool Serge, 36 inches wide, that was 39c, now.....25c

See our 46-inch all-wool English Serge we are selling for.....39c

Corsets.

In Corsets we handle all the leading brands, and sell them at popular prices.

We are selling a 50c Corset, made of best Corset Jeans and nicely finished for.....35c

Our 50c Ventilating Corset is as good as any 75c Corset sold elsewhere.

R. & G. Corsets for.....75c

Warren & Thomson's Corsets.....\$1.00

Misses' Corsets.....21c

**Colored Dress Goods.**

We are going to reduce our stock of Colored Goods if Low Prices cut any figure.

Imported Novelty Suits that were \$10 and \$15 each have been marked per yard at less than half what they cost. Think of it! These Suits being sold at this sacrifice, yard.....50c

75c Figured Brilliantine are now.....39c

39-inch Novelty Dress Goods are.....39c

46-inch English Serge was 75c, now.....49c

38-inch all-wool Serge, any color.....25c

Gents' Furnishings.

French Balbriggan Undershirts, the 45c ones, for.....26c

For 10c and 25c—at these 2 prices we are selling Harris Gem Grip Back Suspenders, the best goods known to the trade for the price.

4-4 all-linen Cuffs, pair.....12c

65c and 75c French Balbriggan Drawers, best made quality.....39c

Choice of any our 30c Scarfs, Bows, Four-in-Hand and Club House Ties.....25c

**Handkerchiefs.**

Ladies' 12 1/2c India Linen Handkerchiefs for.....50c

Ladies' 19c Embroidered Handkerchiefs, reduced.....15c

45c heavy Embroidered Linen Handkerchiefs.....25c

Men's large Linen Cambric Handkerchiefs that were 10c, now.....5c

Gents' 29c all-linen Handkerchiefs for.....15c

Upholstery and Drapery Goods.

All of our Plain Denims that were 29c yard, are now.....20c

35c Figured Denims for.....23c

36-inch wide Silkline, in plain or pretty designs, all colors.....12 1/2c

20 pieces of Dotted Swiss for Curtains on tables at big reduction.....15c

36-inch wide Swiss for.....15c

Mattings and Rugs.

Roll of 40 yards of good China Matting, that was \$5.50 a roll, now.....\$3.98

200 yard Japanese Cotton Warp Matting reduced to.....12c

25c yard Jointless China Matting we are selling for.....18c

Prices on all of our Skin, Smyrna and Morocco Rugs have been cut 33 1/2 per cent.

**4-4 Linen Collars.**

Best quality Scrivens' Drawers.....75c

For 50c we sell you Guyot regular 75c Suspenders.

For 25c we will sell you exact style Guyot 50c Suspenders.

HELP WANTED.

SOUTHERN BUS.

getting good position.

WANTED—Sal.

WANTED—Sal.

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WANTED—Sal.

WANTED—Sal.

## STRIKE MAY BECOME GENERAL

Striking Plumbers Are Offered Assistance by other Trades Unions.

LABOR MEN READY TO GO OUT  
The Federation of Trades Has Indorsed the Plumbers' Strike.

SO HAVE MANY OTHER LABOR UNION MEN

The Strikers Reject the Latest Offer of the Master Plumbers and Will Continue Out.

The plumbers' strike threatens to assume serious proportions. It is by no means improbable that other building trades workers will join in the strike unless a settlement is reached soon.

The strike has been indorsed by the Atlanta Federation of Trades and other organizations and the plumbers have received assurances that aid would be given them if necessary. So far the plumbers have held out on their own account and they claim that outside assistance is not needed, as their treasury is in splendid condition.

The Federation of Trades' indorsement was given a day or two ago and the members of that big organization are taking a great deal of interest in the strike of the plumbers. One of the most prominent labor men in the city said yesterday:

"The strike of the plumbers may grow into the biggest strike in building trades ever known in Atlanta. The workmen of the city are dissatisfied and very little agitation will excite them to the point of a general strike will result. The workmen have been suffering on account of the gradual decline in wages and they are becoming alarmed at the situation. Any further effort to grind down wages will be met with determined resistance and if it is necessary for the striking plumbers to have aid a general sympathetic strike may be declared."

Other labor leaders talk in the same strain and it looks as if there will be important steps taken in labor circles. The plumbers are members of the Federation of Trades and if they ask the assistance of that organization it may be that all of the different branches of labor represented in the federation will go out on a strike.

Won't Work with Scabs.

It is known that certain union men in the building trades have already declared that they will not work with scab plumbers and steam fitters and if the master plumbers succeed in putting out a men to work in the buildings the other workmen will decline to labor with them.

The carpenters and painters are interested in the strike of the plumbers and many members of those trades unions have assured the plumbers that if necessary they will help them.

Just as foretold in The Constitution yesterday, the strikers rejected the proposition made by the master or boss plumbers the day before. The strikers declined to accept the proposition that they should work ten hours a day without extra pay except for the cheaper men. They have been working only nine hours and if the ten-hour schedule should be accepted it would mean a cut in wages for the first-class men and virtually no raise for the cheap men because they would work an extra hour for about 20 cents more per day.

The strikers held a rousing meeting at

their hall on Alabama street yesterday morning. Speeches were made by the leaders and by representatives from other labor unions in the city. It was enthusiastically agreed that the offer of the master plumbers had been rejected and the strikers adjourned, but not until a conference committee had been appointed to take the matter up with the masters. The strikers will meet with a like committee tomorrow morning and explain their position if such a committee is appointed by the bosses. It may be that the two committees will get together and agree upon terms of settlement which will end the strike Monday or Tuesday.

Changes.

When we first love, you know, we seldom wed. We love us all. And life, indeed, is not the thing we planned it out ere hope was between.

And then, we women cannot choose our lot.

Much must be borne which it is hard to bear: Much given away which it were sweet to keep.

God help us all who need, indeed, His care. And yet, I know, the Shepherd loves His sheep.

My little boy begins to babble now. Upon my knee his earliest infant prayer. He has his father's eager eyes, I know. And, they say, too, his mother's sunny hair.

But when he sleeps and smiles upon my knee. And I can feel his light breath come and go.

I think of one (heaven help and pity me!) Who loved me, and whom I loved, long ago.

Who might have been . . . ah, what I dare not think!

We all are changed; God judges for us best. God help us do our duty, and not shrink. And trust in heaven humbly for the rest.

But blame us women not, if some appear. Too cold at times, and some too gay and light. Some griefs gnaw deep; some woes are hard to bear.

Who knows the past? and who can judge Into the biggest strike in building trades ever known in Atlanta. The workmen of the city are dissatisfied and very little agitation will excite them to the point of a general strike will result. The workmen have been suffering on account of the gradual decline in wages and they are becoming alarmed at the situation. Any further effort to grind down wages will be met with determined resistance and if it is necessary for the striking plumbers to have aid a general sympathetic strike may be declared."

Ah, were we judged by what we might have been. And not by what we are, too apt to fall! My little child—he sleeps and smiles between these thoughts and me. In heaven we shall know all!

—OWEN MEREDITH.

WILL RESIGN TODAY.

DR. DONALDSON WILL PRESENT HIS RESIGNATION.

His Friends Will Not Demand a Vote on the Question of Acceptance of the Resignation.

Rev. C. N. Donaldson, pastor of the Fifth Baptist church, will submit his resignation to that congregation today.

A special mass meeting of the church has been called for this afternoon at 4 o'clock, but it is said that the resignation of the pastor will be presented and accepted at this morning's service. It was at first the intention of the pastor and his friends to contest the matter, but it is now said that it has been agreed that the pastor will resign without demanding a vote on the acceptance of the resignation.

There is considerable opposition in the church to the resignation. The resignation was about to be asked for, when he asked that the matter be postponed until today, a request which resulted in the calling of the mass meeting for this afternoon.

Now that the agreement mentioned has been made, it is likely that the matter will be settled this morning and the meeting called for the afternoon will be declared off. The members of the church have made no charges against their pastor and the trouble is the result of dissatisfaction and disaffection which has been growing for several months.

## COUNCIL WILL ELECT TOMORROW

Successors to Messrs. Beauprie and Keith Will Be Named.

MR. KEITH SURE OF ELECTION  
And It Looks as if Major Kendrick Will Succeed Mr. Beauprie.

HOW THE VARIOUS COUNCILMEN WILL VOTE

The Session Tomorrow Will Be an Important One and Two Mooted Questions Will Be Settled.

Tomorrow afternoon the city council will meet in regular session. The mooted question of the election of a successor to Mr. W. R. Beauprie as a member of the board of police commissioners may be settled.

It is said that Mr. Beauprie's resignation will not be withheld longer and that it will be presented to the council by one of Mr. Beauprie's friends shortly after the session is called to order by Mayor Pro Tem. Hirsch. If the paper is handed to the clerk the mayor pro tem. will put the question upon the acceptance of the resignation and he will then vacate the chair, giving way to Mayor King.

The charter law provides that in all elections by the general council the mayor must take the chair and preside until a result is declared. He has no vote in any election unless there is a tie. The incumbent and the challenger are pledged to the body and he can vote as other members. Much interest centers in the election of Mr. Beauprie's successor, and it may be that a big surprise will be sprung when the matter comes up tomorrow afternoon.

Two Candidates Mentioned.

So far as generally known only two candidates have been mentioned in connection with the office, and it looks as if one of them will be chosen to take the vacant seat in the police board. Major W. J. Kendrick, the well-known insurance man and military officer, and Mr. W. H. Patterson, the popular broker, are the two gentlemen whose friends are urging them for the vacancy.

It is claimed by the friends of Major Kendrick that he will secure a majority of the votes cast when the roll is called by City Clerk Phillips. If the opposition makes a contest the vote may result ten and nine, it being claimed that ten members of the general council are pledged to Mr. Kendrick. His friends say that the vote will be counted as follows:

For Major Kendrick—Aldermen Howell and Tolbert, and Councilmen Mayson, Thomas, Day, Bell, Morris, Inman, Hutchison and Cumberston—10.

For Mr. Patterson—Aldermen Hirsch, Colvin, Dimmock and Woodward, and Councilmen Maddox, Adamson, Miller, Sims and Morris—9.

Mr. Keith May Succeed Himself.

The evening at Ponce de Leon a sacred concert will be given.

The principal numbers will bring out leading members of the opera company now singing at the Grand and they will be assisted by local talent.

The bill will be a most attractive one and it will be well worth going out to see.

Mr. W. J. Gould Dead.

W. J. Gould, sixty-one years old, died yesterday morning at his residence, 151 Crew street, after a lingering illness with Bright's disease. His body will be taken to Fair







## Ready Made Suits.



A small lot of summer suits—one or two only of a sort. Linen, duck, grass linen, lawn, etc., choice, new styles, every one; worth to \$10 each, choice at \$5.

Navy blue and black chevrot suits; reefer or blazer style; wide, full, new-style skirt; special price, \$3.99 suit. These suits are excellent for traveling, mountain and seaside wear.

All wool habit cloth suit in navy, black and Havana brown; English boxcoat front; well made and perfect fitting, \$10 suit.

Small assortment of fine suits in wool; one or two of a sort; best styles of the season, \$10 to \$25 each.

## Misses' Suits.

For twelve to sixteen year sizes, at prices from \$7.50 to \$15 each, made up in the best tailor-made fashion, in mixed suitings, with the addition of a shirt-waist you have practically two complete outfits.

## Summer Weight Capes.

You cannot do without one if going to the mountains or seaside; we show a very attractive and complete, but limited line of desirable styles from \$5 to \$12.50 each.

## Shirt Waists.



A Waist for a dime, a Waist for 25c, a Waist for 50c, and at every intervening price up to \$5.00 each, including styles to please any possible taste at any possible price.

About five dozen waists made of light ground prints; been 25c; they will go quick at 10c each.

Twenty-five dozen of our famous 50c waists; made up with big full sleeves, yoke back and full front; no better 50c waists ever sold in any market; as a ready-made department special we will sell this lot only at 25c each; sizes 32 to 42.

Those favorite 75c waists, made of figured materials, with front bands, collar and cuffs, of a shade to match figure, all sizes, on special counter, at 50c each.

At 50c each, good percale waists, with fashionable big sleeves; shirt collar and cuffs, light or medium shades in stripes or figures.

At \$1 each, Dresden and Persian waists with detached collars. Shepherd plaid waists with detached collars and cuffs. Lawn waists, gingham waists, Madras waists. In addition to the regular line we show dozens of odd waists, worth to \$2 each in this lot.

At \$1.50, a table full, including some fine gingham waists that were \$2 to \$3; only one or two of a kind. Fine percale waists with detached collars and cuffs. Fine lawn waists, etc., in both light and dark shades.

Plain and embroidered linen waists. White lawn and dimity waists. Black and white lawn waists with white collars. Linen collar dotted swiss waists. All of the latter ideas of the season in fine goods.

Black satin waists \$1.75 each. Black lawn waists \$1 each.

In ordering by mail send measure, State whether detached collars, and whether dark or light effects are preferred. Waists can be had from \$1 up with white collars detached or collars to match.

Misses' Waists

Made of best percale, with big sailor collars, cut from \$1 to 50c each.

## Leather Belts

In strong tan leather, with leather-covered buckles, 1 1/2 and 2 inches wide, 25c each.

White Kid Belts, covered Buckles, 25c each.

Seal Belt, stitched edges, black or tan, 35c each.

Special lot all sorts of belts, seal, green, red, color, linen, etc., 50c each.

## Small Things

To be had at the big Notion section where everything in its line is kept.

English bristle Hair Brushes, 25c each.

Hard rubber Dressing Combs, 10c.

Favorite Sewing Machine Oil, 50c bottle.

Good-sized White Brooms, 50c each.

Miniature Tie Pins, 5c.

Curling Irons, wood handles, 50c.

Gold-handle Shears and Scissors, 25c pair.

Mennen's Talcum Powder, 15c box.

Violet Cold Cream, 50c bottle.

LePage's Glue—ready for use, 10c bottle.

Transparent Glycerine Soap, 5c cake.

Ludwig's Butter Milk Soap, 3c box.

Extract Witch Hazel, 50c bottle.

Improved Bay Rum, 50c bottle.

Florida Water, large size, 50c bottle.

Dead Stuck, for bugs, 10c bottle.

Household Ammonia, 50c bottle.

Lenox Laundry Soap, 8 bars for 25c.

Morgan's Sapolio, 2 for 15c.

Good bristle Tooth Brushes, 10c.

Violet Cold Cream, 50c bottle.

Chrysanthemum Soap, 5c box.

Sacchar Powder, in bottles, 50c bottle.

Beleaire's 4-oz. Extracts, 45c.

Two-oz. Extract Amortia, 24c.

Beleaire's 2-oz. Extracts, 24c.

## Engraving.

Cards, wedding invitations, die work, etc. Best work and lowest prices. See samples at stationery counters.

## House Wrappers



Cheaper than you can possibly make them. No very fine ones, but an assortment big enough and varied enough to please all comers, from 69c to \$5.00 each. Wrappers in light or dark grounds and sizes from 32 to 44. Write for what you want. Send but measure only.

Black and white wrappers, dark grounds only, wattleau back, good, full sleeves, 85c each.

Heavy lawn and standard percale wrappers in light shades, striped and figured designs, double row of braiding around yoke, and braided collar, belt and sleeves; a full value \$1.50 wrapper for 85c.

Lawn wrapper in light, delicate blue, pink, etc., made with very full skirt; big bishop sleeves, round yoke trimmed with lace edged ruffles, lace trimmed belts, a \$2 wrapper for \$1.25.

Handsome wrappers, in blue and white, black and white, and light grounds, yoke, collar and cuffs trimmed with several rows of braid to match, full wattleau back, big, full sleeves, 85c.

Fine Persian lawn wrapper, yoke, front back and front, collar and ruffles edged with lace, in blues, pinks, heliotrope and black and white, a handsome garment, \$1.25 each.

Percale wrapper, in assorted colors, square yoke effect, outlined with subtle rows of lace, sleeves very full and lace trimmed, skirt cut wide and full, \$1.50 each.

Fine Persian lawn wrapper, yoke, front back and back braid trimmed, big full bishop sleeves, very attractive patterns, all sizes, \$1.50 each.

Solid black satin wrappers, black ground colored, figured, satin wrappers, with ribbon trimming, \$2.00 to \$4.50.

Children's Reefers

For children from 2 to 12 years of age. A complete line, including grades from \$1.00 up to \$10.00 each. Light weight and suitable for the season. Indispensable if going to the mountains or sea-shore.



Twilled, navy blue chevrot reefers, with tuckered collar and brass buttons, coat back, \$1 each.

All wool cloth reefer, with big square yoke, sailor collar, collar and sleeves trimmed with wide and narrow fancy braid, \$2.50 each.

A better grade reefer, in navy blue, with tuckered collar, collar and sleeves trimmed with wide and narrow fancy braid, \$2.50 each.

At \$5 each, show half dozen styles, made of handsome materials, in solid or mixed effects; beautifully trimmed in all the latest cuts, and almost any color wished for.

## Infants' Caps and Bonnets.

Infants' open work lawn cap, double quilling finish, 10c each.

Open work and lawn cap, lace front and back, 10c each.

Tucked and curled white lawn cap, pompadour ruche and lace all around, 25c each.

Val lace trimmed and corded cap with double lace ruche, lace and ribbon rosette, 50c each.

One of the new row sets of cording puffed between, row lace ruche, a cap that will wash nicely, 75c each.

Fine white corded bonnet, with new open work, embroidery all around, rosette of narrow pink, blue or white ribbon, 75c each.

Fine Lawn cap, open work inserting let in top. Val lace trimming all around, a bonnet made to wash, 80c each.

## Misses' Gowns.

Small lot left of that odd lot, made of fine muslin, embroidery trimmed or tucked, priced at 85c each, now to close at 25c each.

## Children's Drawers

Of good muslin, deep hem and tucks above; sizes 1, 2 and 4, 15c pair; sizes 5, 6 and 7, 25c pair.

## Seasonable Jewelry.

Link Buttons, Studs and Collar Buttons, complete set in sterling silver, 25c set.

Pearl Shirt Waist Sets, assorted pattern, 25c set.

Enameled Shirt Waist Sets, in entirely new patterns, 25c set.

Sterling Silver, Ball Link Buttons, 45c pair.

Sterling Silver Veil Pins, 45c each.

Sterling Silver Garter Buckles, \$1.08 pair.

Sterling Silver Belt Pins, 10c each.

Sterling Silver Hat Pins, 25c each.

Sterling Silver Cuff Pins, 25c pair.

Hobby Pins, three with chain, 60c set.

Sterling Silver Lock Bracelets, \$1.58 each.

Opera Chains, Plaid Silk, Silver and Gilt, 45c.

White Pearl Vest Buttons, sets of half dozen, 25c set.

New Skirt Holders, holds skirt and belt firmly together; simple and easy, 10c pair.

## Art Needlework.

Stamped Linens. Barnard & Armstrong's "Pearls and Corticelli" embroidery silk, and a full line of all accessories for needlework of all sorts; 22 inches square; new designs on round thread art linens; 40c.

15-inch square linen center pieces, exclusive patterns; stamped on genuine art linen; 25c each.

Doylies, all linen, art linen, 12 inches square, dozens of patterns to select from; 15c each.

8-inch art linen stamped doilies, 5c each.

Tray Cover, linen, size 17x21, stamped in new patterns, 25c each.

Linen Dresser Scarf, 1 1/2 yards long, 25c each.

We believe no store can be found with in reach of Atlanta buyers that comes nearer supplying every need of a household or personal nature, 35 wide awake departments at your service, with a corps of experts in each division.

## The Free Making of Dress Skirts



Has kept a score of dress makers busy every hour in the day since we began it. Expressions of satisfaction have come from several hundred delighted women in Atlanta and a great many outside. Will continue the offer now for a limited time only.

An offering of choice fabrics, all of the best and choicest '96 productions, up to \$2 yard; reduced to \$1 yard. A skirt made from any of them with set of linings No. 1, will cost \$5.25 complete. Bargain table lot of fabrics suitable for skirts. Mixtures to please almost any taste included. Skirts complete made from any of these materials on set of linings No. 1, \$4.50.

Pattern suits, choice of twenty of our finest importations, suits worth \$30 to \$25 each. No better or choicer goods brought to this country. We will sell you these suits at \$5.50 each and make the skirt free of charge.

If living out of town, send waist measure, skirt length and size of hips. This will insure a perfect fit.

## Free Petticoats



Made here daily. You only pay for silk we do the work and furnish findings free. Samples of Skirts as made shown at silk counter.

A skirt from any silk from the big bargain counter now on exhibition at 50c yard, for \$2.50.

Skirts made from a lot of moire silk that were \$1.25 and \$1.50 yard, complete for \$2 each.

Skirts from those lovely warp printed taffetas, including the choicest silks of the season, \$7 each.

Select any silk you will from our varied stock of novelty colored silks and we make petticoat.

FREE OF CHARGE.

## The D. T. &amp; D. Underwear

Is distinct from all other ready made Underwear. Women who know how to appreciate dainty work, perfect sewing and tasty designing and trimming tell us they cannot do the work so well nor so cheap. Out of town patrons can order with perfect freedom. The garments are exactly as described, and we will cheerfully refund money in any case if not satisfied. Gowns come 13, 14, 15 and 16 neck sizes and 17 for extra size.

## Ladies' Gowns:



Lot of Gowns from our big 75c sale. All a little mused and soiled; only about three dozen left. To be closed to clear up stock; on special counter at 60c each.

Gowns at 60c, made of good cotton, double yoke in back, round yoke formed of double sets of cluster tucks and two rows of Hamburg inserting let in. Sizes 13, 14, 15 and 16-inch neck.

Gown of good muslin, pointed yoke formed of sixteen tucks, eight on either side, cambric ruffle around neck and sleeves, 50c each.

Gowns at 75c, of specially prepared night gown muslin; yoke formed of fifteen tucks on either side, let in insertion and neck of imitation Smyrna lace, sleeves trimmed with same lace and fine tucks, either high or V-neck. Sizes 13, 14, 15 and 16.

Empire Gown of good domestic, open work, embroidery all around collar, across breast and on sleeves, gathered front, 75c each.

Standard Gown of good muslin, yoke of three sets of cluster tucks and four rows of open work embroidery inserting let in. Sizes 13, 14, 15 and 16.

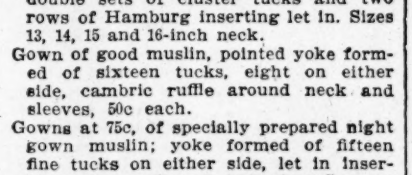
80c Gowns of fine muslin, trimmed with new open work embroidery, edge and inserting, empire style, square neck, a very dainty garment.

Cambric Gowns, empire style, big collar, edged with imitation Smyrna lace, inserting and lace edge across breast, lace trimmed sleeves and gathered front, all sizes, 85c each.

Empire Gown of fine soft cambric, gathered front, open work embroidery and inserting across breast, big collar and open work embroidery; full flare cuff of embroidery; all sizes, 85c each.

Gown made of high grade domestic, fourteen fine tucks on either side of yoke, open work embroidery, sleeves and over shoulders yoke outlined with beading and embroidery put on with beaded braiding, 85c each.

## Summer Corsets.

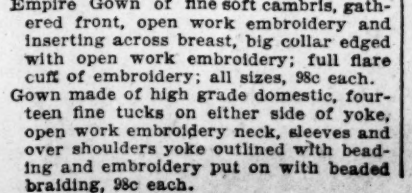


Our great line of 50c summer ventilating Corsets, cool and delightful to wear. Perfect shapes, all sizes. To make things interesting, 50c each.

## Large Size Corsets

In odd sizes and kinds, remnants of a great many lines. Corsets worth all sorts of prices up to \$1 each. Linens we have discontinued. If you can get size wanted you get a bargain. 25c each.

## Ladies' Knit Underwear.



Union Suits, silk, lisle and cotton vest, high or low neck, with sleeves or without. From 3 for 100 to the nicest all silk. A complete assortment of all kinds.

Lisle thread ribbed Union Suits, low neck and sleeveless, knee lengths, silk taped neck and arms. 75c suit.

Silk Vests in cream, silk taped neck and arms, low neck and sleeveless, 50c each.

Silk Vests in pink, blue, cream and black with fancy silk crochet top and silk tape, 50c each.

Lisle thread, genuine Lisle Vests, Richelieu rib, silk-taped neck and arms, 50c each.

A specially good fine-ribbed, bischoed Vest, crocheted and taped neck and arms; low neck and sleeveless; all sizes; 15c each.

## DOUGLAS, THOMAS &amp; DAVISON

61 WHITEHALL ST.  
42 TO 50 S. BROAD ST.

Still Making Skirts and Petticoats Free. See Particulars on This Page.

## HOSIERY.

250 dozen good quality Lisle Thread Hose and Half Hose at 25c a pair, for Ladies, Gents, Misses and Infants.

35c a pair, 3 pairs for \$1.00—100 dozen Ladies' Ingrain Lisle Thread Hose, white heel and toe, four styles of rib and plain fast black and tan.

20c a pair, 3 pairs for 50c—150 dozen Gents' mode Half Hose, light weight, full, regular made, silk finish.

## Ladies' Chemise



Made of soft muslin, pointed yoke made of cluster tucks, let in inserting and embroidered edge; open front; embroidery around neck and arms; 60c each.

Soft finish muslin Chemise, neck of inserting and edge of imitation Smyrna lace, 75c each.

Long Chemise of lawn, 6-inch length, round yoke, trimmed with Val lace, \$1 each.

French Chemise of cambric, round yoke, trimmed with dainty embroidery, \$1 each.

## Ladies' Drawers.

Plain-made of good muslin, 8cm and tucks above, 25c pair.

Muslin Drawers, with open work embroidery ruffle and four tucks above, 25c pair.

Drawers made of specially good muslin, with embroidery ruffle and four tucks above, 25c pair.

Drawers of good muslin, with imitation Smyrna lace, ruffle and five tucks, 50c pair.

Plain Drawers, of extra good muslin, deep hem and fourteen small tucks above, 50c pair.

Drawers of good muslin, with new open work embroidery ruffle, clusters of small tucks divided by deep tuck, 50c pair.

Umbrella Drawers, made of cambric, extra wide, with full flare dainty embroidery trimming, \$1 pair.

## Corset Covers



Of cambric, good quality, low necked, pearl buttons, perfect fitting, 50c each.

High-neck Corset Covers, cut V in front, Cambric Corset Covers, correct shape, embroidery trimmed, 25c each.

Low neck, trimmed with imitation Smyrna lace, 50c each.

French style Corset Covers, of cambric, round neck, embroidery trimmed, 50c each.

French Corset Covers, of fine cambric, round neck, trimmed with dainty embroidery gathered front, and fit any form, 50c each.

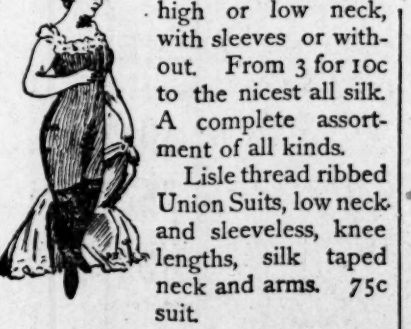
## Summer Corsets.

Our great line of 50c summer ventilating Corsets, cool and delightful to wear. Perfect shapes, all sizes. To make things interesting, 50c each.

## Large Size Corsets

In odd sizes and kinds, remnants of a great many lines. Corsets worth all sorts of prices up to \$1 each. Linens we have discontinued. If you can get size wanted you get a bargain. 25c each.

## Ladies' Knit Underwear.



Union Suits, silk, lisle and cotton vest, high or low neck, with sleeves or without. From 3 for 100 to the nicest all silk. A complete assortment of all kinds.

Lisle thread ribbed Union Suits, low neck and sleeveless, knee lengths, silk taped neck and arms. 75c suit.

Silk Vests in cream, silk taped neck and arms, low neck and sleeveless, 50c each.

Silk Vests in pink, blue, cream and black with fancy silk crochet top and silk tape, 50c each.

Lisle thread, genuine Lisle Vests, Richelieu rib, silk-taped neck and arms, 50c each.

A specially good fine-ribbed, bischoed Vest, crocheted and taped neck and arms; low neck and sleeveless; all sizes; 15c each.

Out-of-town people can write for any Goods advertised by us with perfect safety. Everything advertised is exactly as represented, and money will be cheerfully refunded whenever anything sent is not perfectly satisfactory.

## Ready-to-Wear Things for Infants and Small Children.

Everything needful made up skillfully and in good taste. Dainty enough for the most careful mothers, and cheaper than they can be made at home if work is counted. Specially attractive lines of Infants' Long and Short Dresses, Infants' and Children's Caps and Bonnets.

## Infants' Short Dresses.

Infants' fine cambric short dress, open work, swiss inserting down front of yoke, yoke plaited back and front, swiss edge neck and sleeves. Cut from \$1 to 75c each.

Infants' Soft English Nainsook Short Dress, pointed cluster tucked yoke, sleeves finished with fine tucking and edges, edge around neck. Special price 75c each.

Fine Soft English Nainsook Short Dress, fine tucked front and back, English Nainsook short dress, hand braid stitched and open work yoke, tucked back, fine edge around yoke, sleeves and neck, finished with beading, 85c each.

Fine India Linen skirt dress, finished with ruffles around yoke, front and back, edge around sleeves and collars, plaited yoke, front and back, a \$1.50 garment for \$1 each.

## Infants' Long Dresses.

Infants' Muslin long slips, embroidered neck and sleeves, 50c each.

Infants' Cambric Slip, good quality, val lace edge collar and sleeves, deep hem at bottom, 45c each.

Infants' long Cambric dress, with close-by tucked, round yoke, let in inserting, dainty edge around neck and sleeves, special price 85c each.

Soft English Nainsook long dress, round yoke of very fine tucks, new style sleeves, dainty margin embroidery around neck and sleeves, 85c each.

Fine Dimity long dress, gathered front and back, val lace neck and sleeves, finished with wide sash, 85c each.

English Nainsook, soft finish, long dress, open work, embroidery over shoulders, gathered front, dainty margin embroidery neck and sleeves, fine tucked back, 85c each.

## Now for Books.

Better Still, Here for Books.

Books at cheaper prices than you have ever known them. Come and look over the lists.

200 titles linen bound books, 12 mos., including standard popular works, printed in clear type, on good paper and bound as well as books you pay \$1 for, at 50c volume, five for \$1. Write for list of titles.

Macaulay's "Essays and Poems," set of three volumes, bound in green cloth, gold titles, 80c set.

Macaulay's "History of England," five volumes, 95c set.

Works of Marie Corelli, five volumes, 95c set.

Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables," five volumes, 95c set.

Cooper's "Leather Stocking Tales," five volumes, 95c set.

Edna Lyall in six volumes, \$1.25 set.

Alexander Dumas, eight volumes, set for \$1.75.

Emerson's "Essays," two volumes, 50c set.

Sets of Thackeray, illustrated, ten volumes, published at \$15, priced here \$4.50 set.

Bulwer-Lytton, thirteen volumes, \$6.12 set.

Complete set of Dickens, fifteen volumes, \$5.35 set.

George Eliot, six-volume sets, \$1.53 set.

Works of E. P. Roe, 50c volume.

Shakespeare, all volumes complete, 80c.

Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, original edition, 75c each.

Gem series of popular books, bound covers, imitation cloth, fifty titles, 10c each.

"Jan Veder's Wife," by Amelia E. Barr, 25c.

"Christie Johnston," by Charles Reade, 25c.

"Elsie Dismore," by Martha Finley, 30c volume.

"Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family," 25c.

The "Elsie" books, in sets complete or in single volumes, 80c volume.

Poets, in padded-leather covers, 80c volume.

## Stationery.

Selling such enormous quantities, buying such enormous quantities, buying actually by the ton, gets us the lowest possible price. Therefore, our ability to sell so much cheaper than other stores do.

Box containing quire of real Irish linen paper, Envelopes to match, 10c box.

Box containing two quires of high grade Linen Paper and Envelopes to match, 15c box.

Box containing a fine, smooth finish Paper, ruled or plain, and octavo or commercial size, 15c pound.

Square Envelopes to match, 50 packages.

Real 7x9 1/2 Linen paper, both sizes, ruled or plain, 15c pound.

Square Envelopes to match, 50 packages.

D & T D Linen—best of all papers, rough or smooth finish, ruled or plain, just as good as any ever sold at 15c quire, put up in handsomely embossed boxes, 50c.

Box of square Envelopes to match, 50 packages.

D & T D Linens, 100 in box, 25c box.

Best Black Ink, 50c.

Best Mucilage, 50c.

Lepages Glue, 50c.

Men's Hand Sewed Calf Shoes, lace and congress; built of good material and to bring \$5.00 of sound money; our special sale at \$2.25 pair.

Men's Tan and Black Calf and Cordovan Shoes, extreme pointed toes; you have never seen a better \$5.00 shoe; to sell lots of them we take a small margin, and they go at \$2.50 pair.

Misses' Tan and Black Strap Sandals, bow and buckle, tip or plain toe, \$1.25 regularly; July sale price, 90c pair.

## Monopresie.

The new system of putting your initial letter or monogram on your stationery. Any letter, any monogram, you put it on yourself in a moment, 50c each.

## Carpets

And all sorts of "Carpet Store" goods. That entire second floor, from Whitehall to Broad, devoted to our great and growing Carpet business.

If you have a small room that can be carpeted by 20 or 30 yards, you have an opportunity. We have a lot of short pieces that we cannot match up; best ten-wire goods; we will sell at \$10 yard. Tapestry Brussels, carpeting room patterns, some with border and stairs to match; 85c yard.

Ingrain Carpeting, best all wool filling; choice patterns, 50c yard.

## Canton Mattings.

Big lot new ones just arrived; 10c yard by the roll.

## Cotton Warp

Choice patterns real Japanese Cotton Warp Mattings; 15c yard by the roll.

## Dixie Mosquito Canopy.



Dixie Mosquito Canopy, as shown in cut, frames, \$1.25 each; net 75c; complete, only \$2.00. Money refunded to out-of-town customers if not satisfactory.

## Bamboo Porch Awnings.

Size 5 feet by 5, \$1.25.  
Size 8 feet by 5, \$2.00.  
Size 8 feet by 10, \$2.50.

## Holland Shades.

Scotch Holland Shades mounted on spring rollers, complete, all colors, 50c each.

## Japanese Dantou Rugs.

Size 6 by 9 feet, a great big rug for a little bit of fur—\$4.50 each.

## Black Fur Rugs

Nearly \$5 by 72-inch size; long Angora fur; odorless; special July price, \$1.50 each.

## That Basement



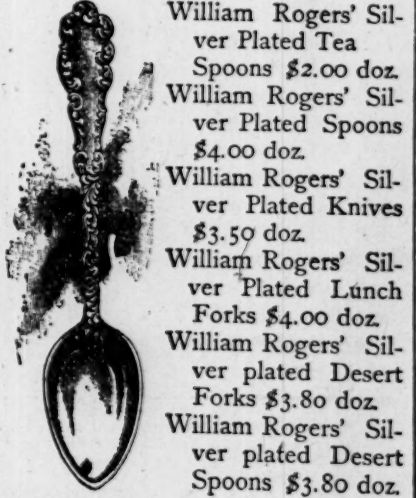
Entered from center of our main store and Broad street. Two-thirds above ground, perfectly lighted and well ventilated.

Carlsbad China Tea Plates, gold band and gold center, 10c each.

Carlsbad China Breakfast Plates, gold band and gold center, 12 1/2c each.

Vienna China Ice-Cream Sets, latest decorations; Louis XV pattern; instead of \$10, \$5.75.

French After-Dinner Coffee Cups, very delicate decorations; \$1.50 kind at 75c each.



## Shoe Men

Who sell nothing but Shoes necessarily must make all their money on Shoes, hence they are obliged to have a greater profit. With us Shoes is one department of a greater store, has only a minimum of expense, and can afford to sell Shoes cheaper—and does.

Box containing quire of real Irish linen paper, Envelopes to match, 10c box.

Box containing two quires of high grade Linen Paper and Envelopes to match, 15c box.

Box containing a fine, smooth finish Paper, ruled or plain, and octavo or commercial size, 15c pound.

Square Envelopes to match, 50 packages.

Real 7x9 1/2 Linen paper, both sizes, ruled or plain, 15c pound.

Square Envelopes to match, 50 packages.

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Men's Hand Sewed Calf Shoes, lace and congress; built of good material and to bring \$5.00 of sound money; our special sale at \$2.25 pair.

Men's Tan and Black Calf and Cordovan Shoes, extreme pointed toes; you have never seen a better \$5.00 shoe; to sell lots of them we take a small margin, and they go at \$2.50 pair.

Misses' Tan and Black Strap Sandals, bow and buckle, tip or plain toe, \$1.25 regularly; July sale price, 90c pair.

Men's Hand Sewed Calf Shoes, lace and congress; built of good material and to bring \$



## KEELY COMPANY

## Clearance Sale of Corbett's Carpets

This week will witness a distribution of our purchase recently made of the stock of R. T. Corbett & Co. Bought at a figure which was phenomenally low, they will be passed over to you for a fraction of their worth.

## Carpets! Rugs! Linoleums! Oilcloths! Mattings and Lace Curtains!

All these at prices you have never seen quoted before for similar goods. Half and less than half prices will obtain until this stock is a thing of the past.

28 Rolls Good Ingrains, worth 45c, at.....	28c
19 Rolls all-Wool Carpets, worth 50c, at.....	37c
12 Rolls Fine Tapestries, worth 60c, at.....	39c
13 Rolls all-Wool Ingrains, worth 65c, at.....	45c
6 Rolls 9-Wire Tapestries, worth 75c, at.....	47c
9 Rolls 10-Wire Tapestry Brussels, worth 85c, at.....	53c

20 Rolls Extra Mattings, per roll.....	\$3.67
28 Rolls Super Mattings, per roll.....	\$4.86
13 Rolls Superfine Mattings, per roll.....	\$5.75
36 Rolls Japanese Mattings, per yard.....	12½c
21 Rolls Linen Warp Mattings, per yard.....	18c
9 Rolls Assorted Matting, 25c, 30c, 35c. Your choice.....	19c

Look at Fine Frame Body Brussels Otherwheres at One Twenty-Five. Then Come Here. We'll Match Them at..... **73c**

The same ratio of prices will obtain for Linoleums, Curtains, Oilcloths, Portieres, Coco Mattings and Awning Fixtures.

**SPECIAL NOTICE!**—During this sale we will take orders for Awnings and Mosquito Nets in large or small quantities at the same proportion of saving to you

BLACK GOODS SPECIALS.  
CLEARANCE SALE PRICES.

16 pieces Storm Serges, 46 inch wide, fast black.....	25c
12 pieces 38-inch Brocaded Mohair, were 49c, now.....	27c
21 pieces Duck Woven Mohair, Taffeta finish.....	49c
13 pieces Brocaded Mohair, all designs, worth 75c.....	50c

Every Item in Summer Black Goods at Clearance Prices.

## SPECIAL NOTICE

Our July Clearance Sale begins tomorrow! The trading public knows what this announcement means. It means a Keely Company Clearance Sale! Best character of Seasonable Goods, in unlimited quantities, distributed at prices which will insure a speedy clearance. This Clearance Sale being genuine in its character brings good news to you. Included in this sale are Irish Dimities, Dress Linens, Laces, Black Goods, Silks, Grenadines and high grade Wash Goods.

## SILK CLEARANCE SALE.

Persian Warp Chinas, are worth 65c.....	39c
Taffeta Fancies, 19 styles, worth up to 75c.....	49c
High grade India Prints, washable, wearable.....	59c
Finest Persians, were \$1.25 \$1.50, \$1.75, \$1.98.....	99c

Unheard-of Bargains in Keely Co.'s Silk Stock

## Come to the Clearance Sale!

<b>Ladies' Bathing Suits.</b> 200 Braided Bathing Suits.....\$2 19 120 Sailor Bathing Suits.....\$3 37	<b>Corsets</b> Glove-Fitting Bicycle Corsets.. \$1 100 Assorted Corsets, to close..49c	<b>Ladies' Skirts</b> Fine Taffeta Skirts.....\$6 98 Best, with corded ruffle.....\$8 98	<b>Ladies' Wrappers</b> Cambrie, were \$1.25, now.....89c Lawn, were \$1.50, now.....98c
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## Keely Company's Fine Wash Goods

## IRISH DIMITIES

KEELY CO.  
15c Yard

This Peerless Department, having done the largest business in its history, having pleased thousands of patrons, presents still an almost unbroken assortment of exclusively desirable Wash Goods. We believe, candidly, you cannot find such an assortment in the south. Touched here, strengthened there, it can still

## FRENCH ORGANDIES

KEELY CO.  
33c Yard

## Justly Claim Supremacy in Style and Assortment.

## IRISH DIMITIES

ON BARGAIN TABLE  
Last week we secured from a nervous Importer 100 pieces of genuine Irish Dimities, cost 21c to land...  
"Our Own" Irish Dimities, in exclusive designs, which are so justly popular.....

15c  
25c

## FRENCH ORGANDIES

ON BARGAIN TABLE  
The Clearance Sale Price of exclusive patterns, genuine French Organdies.....  
Fancy White Swisses, dotted goods, white grounds, colored stripes and figures, were 65c, clearance price.....

33c  
25c

## Twelve and a Half Cents a Yard

This has been the popular price and we have been the popular people. Having shown the strongest line of Wash Goods at this price we have built up a stupendous trade. This week the 12½c sale will be strengthened by including, at this price, every yard of American Wash Goods in the house and many Foreign Novelties will be added to give fire and zest to the sale. 15c, 19c, 25c, 29c, whatever the previous price may have been.....

12½c YOUR CHOICE 12½c

Jackonet Duchesse. Cordele Marquise. Organdie Americaine.	Tulle Chatelaine. Scotch Dotted Swiss. Glasgow Gingham.	English Madras Cloths. French Zephyr Cloths. Chantilly Gauzes.	Printed Domestic Dimities. Imported Lappet Lawns. 40-inch Printed Batiste.
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All Twelve and a Half Cents Yard All Twelve and a Half Cents Yard All Twelve and a Half Cents Yard All Twelve and a Half Cents Yard

## HOSIERY SPECIALS

250 dozen Misses' Hose, assorted, closing out lot, were 20c to 35c.....	10c
40 Gauge, Hermsdorf Dye, full, regulars, double sole and toe, 25c.....	19c
SPECIAL—25 dozen Men's Regulation Bicycle Hose.....	25c

## SPECIAL MONDAY BARGAINS—Clearance Sale.

LINENS—Striped and Checked Linens which were 40c, Monday.....	25c
High grade Striped and Checked Batiste, all Linen, warranted, were 50c and 60c.....	33c
Entire stock Silk Warp Linens, stripes and checks, lace effects, were \$1, \$1.10, \$1.25.....	59c

## GENTS' FURNISHINGS—Clearance.

25 dozen Laundered Shirts; your choice.....	49c
French Madras Negligee, collars and cuffs attached.....	75c
Balbriggan Ribbed Undershirts, worth one dollar.....	65c

<b>BARGAINS.</b> Fine Printed Lawns.....3½c 100 pieces Gingham.....3½c Worth Double.	<b>BARGAINS.</b> 100 pieces Checked Nainsook...5c 60 pieces fancy Crepe Cloth...5c Clearance Prices.	<b>BARGAINS.</b> Printed Scotch Pique.....7½c 2 cases Changeable Mohair...7½c Closing Prices.	<b>BARGAINS.</b> Checked, Striped Dimities...12½c Fine English P K.....19c Clearing Prices.
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ACKNOWLEDGED LEADERS OF THE STATE IN RETAILING SHOES

## RHODES, SNOOK &amp; HAVERTY FURNITURE COMPANY

STILL IN THE LEAD.

With over two hundred complete room suits, including Furniture, Carpets, Rugs, Mattings, Shades, Bedding at less than **Forty Cents on the dollar** of original cost.

This Entire Outfit Must Be Sold at Once.

Suits worth \$100 for \$50  
Suits worth \$65 for \$30  
Suits worth \$50 for \$30  
Suits worth \$20 for \$10  
Suits worth \$16 for \$8.50

Hat Racks, Book Cases, Folding Beds, Sideboards, Wardrobes, Brass and Metal Beds, fancy and artistic pieces.

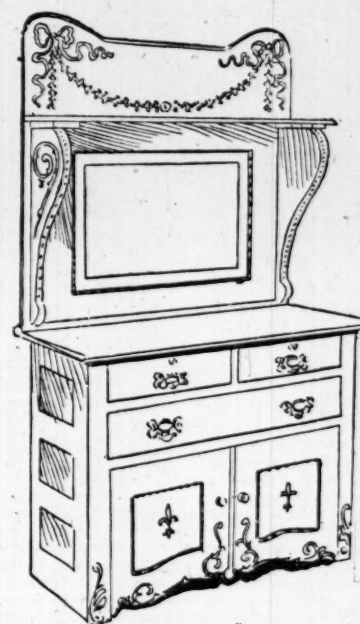
50 best 10-Wire Bordered Tapestry Carpets, 15x16, made, laid and lined, only **\$15**

Velvet Carpets, Moquette Carpets, Body Brussels Carpets, Ingrain Carpets, Linoleums, Oilcloths, Mattings—all new and desirable patterns.

Will Be Ready for Monday's Sale With

**TWO CARLOADS OF NEW MANTELS JUST OPENED UP.**

Builders and contractors can save big money by getting our prices—and terms.



This Sideboard, worth \$25, French Plate Glass, polished, **ONLY \$11.99.**  
This Week Only.

We furnish your house complete either for cash or on time—at cash prices.

## SPECIAL FOR THIS WEEK.

We are quitting the Bicycle business, and will close out our stock at less than cost this week.

## BIG BARGAINS FOR RIDERS

Bells, Lamps and other accessories at your own price.

1 Girl's Wheel, \$10, worth \$35.

2 Girl's Wheels, \$17.50, new.

1 Essex Wheel, Gent's, \$45, worth \$75.

1 each, Road King and Queen, \$45, worth \$75.

1 Majestic, Lady's, \$55, worth \$85.

1 Smally, Gent's, little used, \$50, worth \$100.

1 Gents' Cleveland, cheap.

## MONDAY MORNING.

50 Refrigerators and Ice Boxes at less than factory prices to close out this line.

## Rhodes, Snook &amp; Haverty.

FIFTY  
PIANOS

AT AUCTION

WEDNESDAY,  
JULY 8.

## Jacobs' Pharmacy.

6 and 8  
Marietta Street.

These Pianos will be sold for what they will bring.

Steve Johnson will do the talking.

We will open our new retail warerooms at 80 Whitehall street with instruments fresh from the factory. The Pianos we sell at auction consist of Steinway, A. B. Chase, Kranich & Bach, Gabler and other makes.

We give a guarantee with each Piano. You can examine them now. The auction will take place in our Music Hall at 63 Peachtree.

FREYER & BRADLEY  
MUSIC CO.  
W. W. Crocker, Manager.

## Lakewood Park

McAFEE'S  
FIFTH REGIMENT BAND.  
TWO CONCERTS  
SUNDAY NIGHT.  
EXTRA CARS FOR ALL.

LAKEWOOD PARK  
We want to reduce our stock of Wall Paper, so for the next thirty days will hang paper at cost. Call and see us. The M. M. Mauck Co.

Come to the new store. Come with expectations high. You'll not be disappointed. The same generalship and industry that have always merited leadership have been more active and vigorous than ever before. We've accomplished much in your behalf: Equipped a splendid store with elaborate modern conveniences, concentrated beneath one roof a vast collection of Drugs, Medicines, Toilet Articles, Surgical Instruments and kindred lines, and cut prices lower than the average dealer pays to the wholesaler. Whatever you want of merchandise usually sold in a complete and thoroughly up-to-date Drug Store, get it at Jacobs'.

## PANTS

MADE TO ORDER  
FROM ANY PIECE OF CLOTH IN OUR STORE.

**\$2.95**  
PRICES \$4 TO \$8.  
DAVIS TAILORING COMP'Y  
14 PEACHTREE ST. 114 WHITEHALL ST. 97 DECATUR ST.

## Did It Ever Strike U



## That "Imperial" Wheels

Knock out all competitors? They are the go-lightly kind. It will never be satisfied if U buy a Wheel without examining the "Imperial" at \$100, "Progress" at \$75 and "Chicago" at \$50. They are high-grade and guaranteed. Write for catalogue. Agents wanted in every town in Georgia. \$15,000 worth of Furniture, Mattings, Window Shades and Baby Carriages. Must be moved out of our store and warerooms this month to make room for fall stock. If U want bargains C us B 4 U buy. Cash or on time.

R. S. CRUTCHER, 53 PEACHTREE ST., ATLANTA, GA.

GET YOUR... BLANK BOOKS, LEDGERS.  
Journals, Cash Books, Bindings.  
**Printing** ELECTROTYPE  
Etc.-Etc., of  
The Franklin Printing and Publishing Company.  
GEO. W. HARRISON, Manager, (State Printer.) ATLANTA, GA.  
Consult them before placing your orders.



## MADDOX WAS RENOMINATED

To Represent the Seventh District of Georgia in Congress.

### THE RINGGOLD CONVENTION

Every County in the District Was Represented

### AND THE NOMINATION WAS UNANIMOUS

Resolutions Passed by the Convention Favoring Free Coinage and Indorsing Judge Maddox.

Ringgold, Ga., July 4.—(Special.)—At noon today the largest and most enthusiastic democratic rally ever held in the historic city convened, and everything was harmonious. Every county in this, the seventh congressional district, was represented, the following delegates being present:

Murray—C. N. King and A. K. Ramsey.  
Chattanooga—J. M. Wyatt and R. W. Doak.  
Polk—W. C. Bunn.  
Cobb—W. J. Abbott and E. P. Paden.  
Catoosa—W. J. Whitsett and J. C. Gordon.  
Whitfield—W. H. Crawford and Trammell Starr (proxy).  
Haralson—A. I. Head.  
Dade—Ben T. Brook and B. F. Harris (proxy).  
Walker—T. P. McFarland, J. J. Jones, J. T. Bonds and J. C. Knox.  
Gordon—Z. T. Gray.  
Bartow—A. W. Fite (proxy).  
Paulding—L. M. Washington (proxy).  
Floyd—J. J. Seay, Dempsey Wooten, P. M. Stover, J. M. Wyatt, Moses Wright.



HON. JOHN W. MADDOX.

### Renominated for Congress by the Seventh District Convention Yesterday

James Ball, J. W. Vandiver, J. J. Black and E. S. King.

John J. Black, the chairman of the executive committee of the district, called the convention to order. On motion of John J. Seay, of Floyd, W. Trost, of Bankers, of Catoosa, was made temporary secretary. J. P. Cravens, Jr., was made assistant secretary.

The permanent organization was afterwards perfected with John J. Black, chairman, and W. Trost, Bankers, secretary.

In an eloquent speech, Hon. John J. Seay, of Floyd, placed John W. Maddox in nomination for congress from this district. The motion was seconded by Trammell Starr, of Whitfield, and A. W. Fite, of Bartow.

The committee appointed to notify Judge Maddox of his nomination consisted of Captain Ramsey, Trammell Starr and J. J. Seay.

While waiting for the committee to return with J. W. Maddox, W. C. Bunn, of Polk, read the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted by the convention:

"The democratic party of the seventh congressional district of Georgia, in convention assembled by their accredited representatives, hereby indorse the Georgia state platform of principles adopted by the state democratic convention in Macon, on June 24 last, especially as to all matters therein relating to the federal government and the policy to be pursued by it. We specifically declare in favor of the free and unlimited and independent coinage of silver at the present legal ratio of 16 to 1, without waiting for the action of any other nation; and we demand the restoration of silver to its legal rights in our mints. We place the seal of our unqualified approval on the course of our representative in congress, Hon. John W. Maddox, and we give confidence in his ability, his integrity and consistency, and his unflinching fidelity to our people in all his votes and in all his public questions, present him to the people of this district for re-election.

"His course in congress has been entirely consistent with the principles of old and true democracy. His unswerving fidelity to the interests of silver demands the respect, confidence and support of all true friends of silver. His re-election will be no experiment. He has been tried and found faithful as the custodian of this high trust.

The unwarranted and illegal attack made on the integrity of his seat in the present congress meets our severe condemnation and the unanimous action of the electors of this district, even before a partisan republican elections committee."

In a very happy speech J. J. Seay introduced Judge Maddox to the audience. Vociferous applause followed.

Being limited for time Judge Maddox made a short speech, but it was full of logic and the frequent applause that greeted the effort attesting its merit.

On motion of Colonel Seay the vote placing Judge Maddox in nomination was made unanimous by a rising vote, and the large crowd of faithful ladies present voted with the crowd.

The new executive committee consists of the following members for the ensuing year: Catoosa—Robert Bacon. Whitfield—T. M. Copeland. Floyd—J. E. Shumate. Bartow—J. C. Ware, J. J. Seay and J. S. Wyatt. Gordon—Z. T. Gray. Dade—J. P. Jackaway. Murray—V. L. Watts. Haralson—A. I. Head. Cobb—W. Blair and E. P. Paden. Chattanooga—John W. King. Bartow—W. H. Lumpkin and J. J. Connor. Paulding—A. L. Bartlett. Polk—W. C. Bunn.

J. J. Black, of Floyd, was elected chairman of the executive committee of the seventh congressional district for the ensuing two years.

## BARBECUE IN ALABAMA.

DEMOCRATS AT BUTLER SPRINGS HAVE A GLOUBIOUS TIME.

Populists Attempt To Get in a Few Words, but Failed—General Alabama News.

Montgomery, Ala., July 4.—(Special.)—A grand democratic barbecue was held at Butler Springs, Butler county, today. Speeches were made by Captain Johnston and Professor Turner, democratic candidates, respectively, for governor and superintendent of education. W. B. Anderson, a populist from Choctaw county, who was present, asked for a division of time and he was sandwiched in between Johnston and Turner, and he soon found that he had really more time than he needed. The burden of his speech was the defense of Goodwin.

After dinner Whitehead, populist candidate for the legislature, mounted the stand and called on the crowd to hear Rev. V. S. M. Adams, the apostle of populism, but so few responded to the call that Rev. M. Adams did not find it necessary to speak. The crowd was out celebrating the fourth and during the day a fight occurred, in which three men were slightly hurt.

### A TRIANGULAR FIGHT

It Will Be for the Legislature from Floyd County.

Rome, Ga., July 4.—(Special.)—This afternoon the county executive committee of the populist party met at the courthouse. The question of putting out candidates for the legislature was discussed and they decided to nominate M. L. Palmer, C. C. Holmes, a grocer of Rome, formerly of Macon, having announced himself as an independent candidate, the populists decided to indorse him. The republicans had already put out J. T. Wheeler, of Agate, and as the populists decided to indorse him

## TWO DROWNED IN A WELL

Mr. John P. Henderson, of Whitfield County, Dies

### TRYING TO SAVE A LABORER

Who Was Overcome by Gas in a Well.

### MR. HENDERSON WENT TO THE RESCUE

He Was Also Overcome and When the Crowd Were Pulling Both Men Up They Fell Back Into the Well.

Chattanooga, Tenn., July 4.—(Special.)—John Henderson, a prominent farmer residing near Cohutta, Ga., father of Mrs. A. F. Fagala, of Chattanooga, and a farmer named Brummett, met instant death in a well near their home late Friday evening.

Late Thursday it appears that the home of Mr. Henderson caught fire and was completely destroyed, along with the effects, including clothing, furniture and other belongings of the family. The family was compelled to seek a place of shelter, and a suitable house was found near Cohutta. On the place was a well which had not been in use for some time and was not considered clean by those in the neighborhood.

Colonel Henderson hired a man named Brummett to go into the well and clean it out. Brummett had no sooner gone down than he was overcome by gas.

Colonel Henderson procured a rope and went to the man's rescue. The unfortunate man was drawn nearly to the top of the well when the rope broke and both men dashed to the bottom some thirty feet and drowned.

### DEATH FROM APPENDICITIS.

Mr. Doughty, One of the Wealthiest Men of Calhoun, Dead.

Calhoun, Ga., July 4.—(Special.)—Mr. H. J. Doughty, cashier of the Bank of Calhoun, and one of the wealthiest and most progressive citizens of this section of the state, died this morning from appendicitis. He was taken ill two weeks ago and suffered greatly with pains in the abdomen. Friday Dr. R. M. Harbison, of Rome, was telegraphed for and upon making an examination pronounced the case appendicitis and telegraphed for Dr. J. B. S. Holmes, of Atlanta. Dr. Holmes came Friday night and this morning at 9 o'clock an operation was performed. The appendix was found in a greatly inflamed and badly perforated condition and the entire bowels were found in a state of inflammation, showing that death was inevitable. The operation was finished and Mr. Doughty was removed from the operating table to his bed, but died in a few seconds.

Mr. Doughty was a native of this section, but lived for many years in Austin, Tex., where he accumulated a fortune. He left a wife and adopted son and a large estate in this state and in Texas. He was a Mason and an Odd Fellow and was a man of great energy and was conspicuous in local affairs. His death is a great loss to Calhoun and Gordon county.

### The Fourth in Americus.

Americus, Ga., July 4.—(Special.)—There was no general observance of the fourth in Americus. The banks were closed and railway employees had a half holiday, but business men generally went on uninteruptedly.

Twelve hundred people attended the big annual picnic at Myrtle springs, near the city. Hon. W. Y. Lane delivered a patriotic address suitable to the occasion, after which a sumptuous dinner was served the assembled throng.

### Dr. Winston Resigns.

Raleigh, N. C., July 4.—(Special.)—The executive committee of the trustees of the University of North Carolina met here today. Dr. T. Winston was present and tendered his resignation, which was, with great regret, accepted. The trustees were called to meet on August 1st to elect his successor. His resignation takes effect on August 15th. Sentiment in favor of Edwin A. Alderman as his successor is extremely strong.

### Mr. J. H. Latimer Will Lead.

A service of special interest may be expected at the Railroad Young Men's Christian Association this afternoon at four o'clock. Mr. J. H. Latimer, southeastern passenger agent Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis railway, will have charge of the exercises. There will be a bright, lively song service in connection.

"The Vanished Emperor," by Percy Andra, is the newest volume out. It is from the press of Rand, McNally & Co. This story, with such a thin veil of disguise that it is easily possible to recognize all of the personages concerned in the story. It will no doubt be widely read. It is for sale by J. F. Lester.

## SOCIETY NEWS AND GOSSIP.

On last Thursday evening an enjoyable trolley car party was given by the following young men: Messrs Ed Ferris, Joe Clay, Fritz Reichenberg, W. D. Smith, Jr., Mike Cole, Will Rose, Will Rube, W. Martin, W. A. Goodman, Tom Martin, M. Perkins, Otis King and D. G. Dedger, complimentary to the following young ladies: Mrs. Ed Ferris, Mrs. Joe Clay, Mrs. Hunnicutt, Misses Clara Hay, Miss Mattie Whitley, Pauline Thompson, Bessie GalJordan, Mamie Hunnicutt, Bert Roberts, Katie Hunnicutt and Eula Hay.

Mrs. M. M. Stokes, Misses Lucile King, Charabelle Rushton and Messrs. Clyde King and Jerome Thomas are taking a few days' outing at Lithia Springs.

Miss Flora Pickett, a charming young lady of Canton, Ga., is visiting Miss Maddox, on Whitehall street. Miss Pickett is one of north Georgia's most accomplished young ladies, and during her stay in Atlanta she is receiving marked attention. She will visit Athens and other cities before returning home.

Miss Minnie Daniel is visiting friends in Hiram and Dallas, Paulding county.

LaGrange, Ga., July 1.—(Special.)—A very quiet but happy marriage occurred last evening at the home of Mr. W. F. Danby, on Main street. The high contracting parties were his youngest daughter, Miss Julia, and Mr. J. L. Stroud, both of this city. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Nunnally. After the marriage the invited guests repaired to the house of the groom, on Easley avenue, where an elegant reception awaited them.

Yankee Doodle at Berlin. Berlin, July 4.—United States Ambassador Uhl held a Fourth of July reception at the American embassy today. There was a large attendance of guests and music was furnished by a full band.

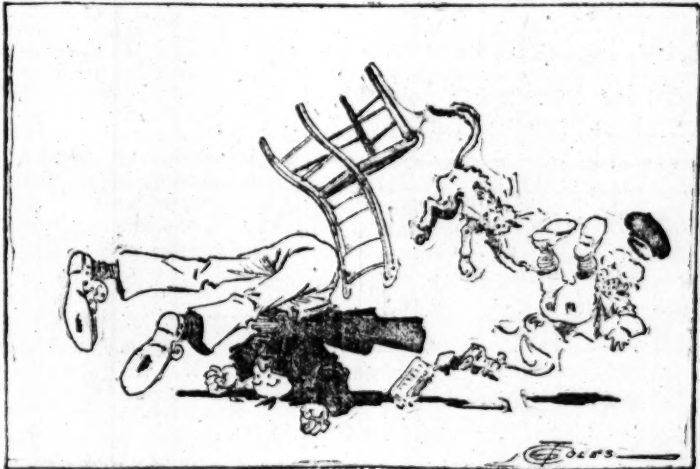
## THE CAT CAME BACK.



1.—Entertaining Father—Now, Johnnie, watch your papa balance himself on two legs.



2.—Gracious! Murder!



3.—Grand finale.

## A SAD STATE OF AFFAIRS.



3.—Grand finale.

## A FRIENDLY TURN.



Willie stay—Johnny, what are you doing with that insect bellows? Johnny—It's for you, Mr. Stay; sister said if you called again she would put a flea in your ear.

## BY THE SAD SEA WAVES.



"I hear there is a very hard character stopping at the hotel." "For mercy sake! I'll leave at once! Who is it?" "The ossified man from a New York museum."



Shortens Your Food,  
Lengthens Your Life—

# Cottolene

Genuine is sold in tins with trade marks—"Cottolene" and steel's head in cotton-plant wreath—on every tin.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY.

ST. LOUIS, CHICAGO, NEW ORLEANS, BALTIMORE.

## WOODWARD LUMBER Co.,

ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

THE LARGEST AND BEST EQUIPPED  
LUMBER PLANT SOUTH OF CHICAGO.

MANUFACTURERS OF—

### Doors, Sash, Blinds, Mouldings and Lumber

OF ALL KINDS.

WE HANDLE—

### Laths, Shingles and Lumber

SUITABLE FOR ALL PURPOSES.

...OUR

### Dowell Doors

ARE THE BEST MADE.

Prompt Delivery.

WE MOST RESPECTFULLY SOLICIT YOUR PATRONAGE.

FACTORY: Whitehall Street and Central Railroad.



"That's nothing, I ride a diamond frame." "The course of Squemish rides a solid gold wheel."

## SHOOTING THEM

Busy Times in Chicago

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Chicago, July 4.—(S

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## SHOOTING FOR THEIR CHOICE

Busy Times in the Corridors of Chicago Hotels.

### BOOMERS DOING THEIR BEST

To Impress the Delegates To Support Their Candidates.

### IT IS ANYBODY'S FIGHT YET

Teller Has a Great Many Friends Talking for Him.

### AND BLAND AND BOIES ARE BOTH POPULAR

Some of the Delegates Favor a Caucus While Others Do Not Think One Is Necessary.

Chicago, July 4.—(Special.)—Bedlam has broken loose. It is like unto the voice of the Biblical tower of Babel. The shouters have come and the great lobby of the Palmer house presents a confused mass of shouting enthusiasts almost equally divided between the half dozen most prominent candidates. Every six men you meet tells you of a half dozen different candidates who are sure winners. Joe Ricey shouts above the din.

"A thousand dollars Bland is the winner!"

The fact that nobody takes him up gives the Bland people encouragement.

The next moment it is Boies you hear has the race won, and then "Teller will win in a walk." A second thereafter an Indiana man tells you it is all fixed for Matthews, and a moment later an argument is plucked into your ear that John McLean is sure to come out the victor.

There is not cold before some fellow punches a Fonnery button in your face and tells you he is the man to nominate.

The Teller boom, which had achieved tremendous proportions, is collapsing with the influx of delegates, who declare they must not go out of the party for a candidate.

Yet Teller continues strong. The senators from all the states look upon him with a great degree of favor. Teller's strength lies greatly in the fact that he is recognized as the brainiest and broadest man mentioned, and in his capacity to carry all the west. Friends of the other candidates are neutralizing this by the statement that the knowledge on the part of the people that Teller will be secretary of the treasury will achieve the same result.

The Bland people have used that with effect today, crying Bland for president, with an announcement that Teller will be secretary of the treasury. That, the Bland people have agreed, will put an end to the populist convention in St. Louis on the 23rd naming a ticket.

### Boies Is on Hand.

Bland's boom, however, weakened today and the Boies star began to rise rapidly in the firmament. Boies himself arrived upon the scene today. He received delegates all the day in the Palmer house and in his talks to each took the high ground that he was not endeavoring to push himself and would not seek the nomination unless his party thought him the first man. He would willingly retire before any other whom a majority of the delegates might desire. About him nearly all day was sovereign, master workman of the Knights of Labor, who boomed him and told him that he was the strongest man with organized labor who could be named.

"Boies," said Sovereign to me, "is the strongest possible man to nominate. Organized labor everywhere will be for him and he is the strongest man in all the west with the German voters. His opposition to summary laws, when governor of Iowa, makes him the most popular man in all the west with Germans."

Altdorf Against Boies. Governor Altdorf, the most vigorous opponent of Boies, has some old grievance against the Iowa man and has aired it in his opposition. Altdorf also wants to put Buck Hinrichsen on the ticket as vice president, and rather thinks that would not do with Boies. The Illinois man, however, has no force outside of the Illinois delegation. That delegation is badly split up. These from the southern counties are for Bland, but the Cook county delegates have declared for Boies. It is not known that they were for Boies. Indeed, it is suspected that this declaration has been in the interest of killing off Bland.

Congressman Bankhead, of Alabama, came today as the advance agent of the Alabama delegation. He is not committed, but says the Alabama people are rather inclined toward Boies. They are not for Bland.

Sensors Blanchard and McEnery, of Louisiana, also arrived and have talked much about the availability of Teller, though they agree that it perhaps is better not to go outside of the party. Toward Boies they are also favorable.

Sensors Walthall and Money, of Mississippi, are against Teller. They say his nomination would be exceedingly unwise. Yet personally every senator and every congressman who is here as a silver delegate is strongly inclined toward Teller. They have such high regard for him as a man of brains, integrity and force that they look upon him as far outclassing all other candidates. These same men are opposed to Bland. They look upon only Boies with any great degree of favor outside of Teller and the best sentiment today rolls toward Boies.

The Race Just On. Yet there is a feeling that the party has

a magnificent opportunity. The occasion is rich, but the man has not presented himself. There are nine candidates before the convention. No man leads by any great distance.

The race has but just commenced. It is anybody's race. The only thing assured is that the silver men have the convention and that the platform will be a ringing one. The delegates are united for the cause. They have no fights among themselves. They will agree upon a candidate without any bitter fighting and without interference on the part of the gold men.

The preliminary work has been smooth. The gold men have cut no figure and they realize that they will be permitted to cut none. The hopelessness of their fight is apparent to all except Don Dickinson, who tenderly nurses his side whippers and says the silver delegates are but a disorganized mob. Notwithstanding the Michigan cuckoo, the silver leaders have arranged all things without a rupture. They have decided to cut things and not allow the national committee to put upon them any but a free college man as temporary chairman.

Hill Willing To Obstruct. Harberty, and the national committeemen already here who think with him, have decided to make Senator Hill temporary chairman, regardless of the wishes of the silver men. I asked Hill today if he would permit it.

"Yes," said he, "if the silver men want to knock me down, well and good. They do it, but it will not be good politics. There are lots of fellows behind us looking for grievances. You understand what I mean. Were I leading the other side, I would do the work smoothly. Why bring about a rupture when it can be prevented?"

That sounds like good politics, but the majority leaders say they don't intend to give the gold men an opportunity to get up any strife in the convention. If they

majority of the national committee insists on naming Hill, a minority report will be presented naming Joe Blackburn or Bryan as the one named will be elected over Hill.

The silver delegates propose to run this convention from start to finish according to their own ideas. Their ideas were well expressed by Senator Money, of Mississippi, to me today. Said he:

"I think the convention should be and will be short. All matters should be so arranged beforehand that it can be short. I do not believe any attempt should be made to conciliate the gold men. The silver delegates are in the majority and should control. It would be absurd to permit gold men to name the temporary chairman and give him a chance to damn the convention. If I had the writing of the platform, it would contain but one plank and that a declaration for the free coinage of silver."

E. W. B.

### CULLED FROM THE CORRIDORS.

Colonel Sterritt, of Texas, Loses His Money. Chicago, July 4.—(Special.)—Colonel Bill Sterritt, of Texas, the oldest and quaintest of Washington correspondents, was touched by a pickpocket in the Palmer house this afternoon for \$25. At the time he was engaged in telling Senator Teller, congressman Bankhead and a crowd which gathered about, how this convention would result.

"After lots of balloting," said he, "the delegates are going to find themselves hopelessly divided. Then they will turn to the leaders for advice and you fellows who have been trying to land a senator in the white house for years without number will suggest Teller and the convention will take him. You have always been wishing the senate was in control of the government. If I am not correct the drinks are on me."

With this the Texas colonel reached for his money. Drawing his hand from his inner pocket he whistled a long mournful note, and with a prefix to it exclaimed: "The delegates are going to elect a free coinage man."

Blank Teller and the whole outfit.

Bland Led. Late this afternoon the Illinois delegates balloted upon candidates and Bland won by a short neck. This gives the Missouri man the lead to start with, but his friends are exhibiting no great enthusiasm. There are lots of people for Bland, but none of them, except Joe Ricey, seems to have any enthusiasm on tap.

DuBignon Has Not Shown Up. Fleming G. duBignon's name has been heralded about in the newspapers as one of the Whitney gold delegation. Mr. duBignon was advertised as one of the speakers at the sound money meeting tonight, but Mr. duBignon is not here. "He was booked to come with us," said ex-Lieutenant Governor Sheahan, of New York, "but he was not on hand when the train left New York. I do not know where he is."

It is perhaps well. The Whitney delegation is the most thoroughly minority looking crowd that ever showed up at a national convention. From Whitney down their faces are long and sad.

## THE FORLORN AT THE AUDITORIUM

The Gold Monometallists Held a Meeting Last Night.

THE SAME OLD ARGUMENTS The People Have Pronounced as Worthless

WERE ADVANCED BY ALL THE SPEAKERS

Hill Was Not Present, but MacVeagh, Russell and Fellows Made Speeches.

Chicago, July 4.—A public meeting of the friends of "sound money" was held this evening in the Auditorium—a theater connected with the hotel of that name, and opening at seating some 5,000 or 7,000 spectators. There was not a vacant seat to be had when the serious business of the evening began—the hour between 7 and 8 o'clock having been filled up by select pieces of music given by the band of the First regiment. On the platform were seated Senator Gray, of Delaware, John F. Fellows, of New York, Franklin MacVeagh, of Chicago, and many other prominent supporters of the sound money cause and a large number of ladies, while Mr. W. C. Whitney, of New York, occupied a seat in one of the boxes.

The meeting was called to order by ex-Governor Flower, of New York, who said:

"We are just emerging from the panic of 1893. In that year the banker, the capitalist, the manufacturer, the merchant were all cut in the middle financially. It gradually paralyzed the country until the year 1895 it began to knock down the last brick in the road and that was the agricultural community. All through 1893 and 1894 the farmer was getting good prices for everything he raised from the soil and it would seem as though he had escaped the ravages of the panic, but like all panics, it did not end till it reached him. The farmer and the laborer and the other industries, as I will show, he is suffering from overstimulation by the governments of the world. The free coinage of silver is the only remedy. In 1893 the congress of the United States gave land grants to the railroad companies. They received alternate sections of land from the government free of charge. The building of those railroads is divided into two parts. One part is to purchase what the railroad did not own and open up the territory. Then the railroad companies advertised their land in Europe as homes for the poor and sold them and brought into this country another large body of people to compete with the farmers of the east. The farming lands of the east were worth on an average \$50 per acre. The interest on one acre of land twenty years ago would be \$10. Now it is \$25. The farmer of the west could not land per acre would be 35 cents. Now for this difference on an acre of land, \$15, the farmer of the west could raise double what he could on the eastern land and send all the products of one acre to Liverpool for the difference in the cost of interest on his lands per annum. What wonder that land values in the eastern states went down until the western lands commenced to rise in value. "These cheap rates of transportation by rail and water from the east had leveled the land in the eastern states and raised the value in the west, so that there had been no other causes at work, the farmer in both the eastern and western states would be sure to do business on a rising value of his farm. But the British government loaned the money to Canadians to build the Canadian Pacific, opening the vast prairie lands of the west to the farmer who harvested was sent directly to Liverpool. Then English capital also bought wheat fields and cotton fields in competition with our own. You all remember the Baring failure of 1890. The money that firm expended went to develop the Argentine Republic, opening those vast and fertile millions with railroad systems and waterways, so that she produces forty or fifty million bushels of wheat annually. Not only that, but Russia opened up 2,000 miles of her frontier with railroads, as beautiful and productive prairie as our own wheat

fields. Do you wonder that the farmer is unhappy with all the governments of the world stimulating the farming industry and opening up their unused lands to the farmers? Do you wonder that the farmer has no money? Do you wonder that the price of wheat and corn, when you in this United States have more than doubled the acreage and the crops between 1871 and 1895? Do you wonder that cotton was low in 1895, when in 1894 the cotton planter raised 50 per cent more cotton than he ever had raised before? Is this not the rational reason why the farmers' products are low? Is not this the proper and only safe reason why the supply is always greater than the demand of the world?"

"There is no manufactured article but what has met the same fate as the farmers' products. All have been reduced from one-half to two-thirds—the steel rail from \$120 to \$25 per ton; iron ore, of which you have such vast fields in Minnesota, greater than any country in the world, is produced today at one-half the cost of seven years ago. You know all about this iron business here, because in this city of Chicago you manufacture 5,000 tons per day and the full output of your iron industry here is equal to the whole of the output of Great Britain. Lead is produced and sold at one-half the price it was seven years ago. Copper, through the inventive genius of Americans, because in this city of Chicago you manufacture 5,000 tons per day and the full output of your iron industry here is equal to the whole of the output of Great Britain. Lead is produced and sold at one-half the price it was seven years ago. 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# WAS A MISTRIAL.

The Jury in the Johnson Case Unable to Agree.

DISMISSED BY THE JUDGE.

Forty-eight Hours in the Jury Room. How the Members Stood on a Verdict.

At 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon the jury in the Johnson murder case was dismissed and a mistrial was declared by Judge Candler, after the jury had been out forty-eight hours on the case.

The jury stood ten to two for conviction, and had it not been for Juror J. H. Caldwell, of West End, who held out to the last, a verdict of guilty would have been returned a few hours after the jury retired.

"I had my convictions in the matter," said Mr. Caldwell, yesterday afternoon, "and I would have remained steadfast just as long as the judge thought it necessary to hold us. I believed I was right; I did not think Johnson killed Harkins, and I would not yield to the majority."

The other juror was Thomas Kirk, who insisted that the death penalty was too severe.

For forty-eight hours these twelve men were confined in the jury room. The argument of attorneys, evidence of witnesses and the charge of the judge were considered from every standpoint. But while ten most found a verdict of guilty and thought the prisoner should hang, there were two men just as conscientious who believed the prisoner was innocent of the charge.

The first ballot taken after the jury retired stood five to seven for a verdict of guilty.

The next ballot there was a change, and eight men favored a verdict of guilty, while four men did not believe the state's evidence and voted for an acquittal.

Thursday night, the jury went to work on the case, and the jury voted two to ten at that time.

Friday there was a change and the ballot stood eleven to one in favor of a verdict of guilty.

And late yesterday afternoon, when the jury was dismissed, the ballot was ten to two.

Forty-eight Hours in the Room. For forty-eight hours the jury struggled with the evidence.

Every thread of the mystery was taken up and discussed, and the jurors endeavored to solve the question as to the guilt of the prisoner.

Imagination was brought into play, and the jurors tried to draw parallel cases and figure out any causes that might have prompted the assassin to take the life of the merchant, but all without success.

One man stood out against the eleven, and then another wavered across the line, and made the minority two.

"This is the way matters stood and the gentlemen stated yesterday that a verdict would never have been reached, so determined were the men comprising the jury."

"I would never have yielded my convictions," said Juror Caldwell, "no, not if the jury had remained out thirty days."

Mr. Kirk did not believe the negro guilty, and while he had his ideas about the case, he probably would have consented to a verdict in which the penalty would have been only for a term of years in the penitentiary. But he would not consent to a verdict that would have meant death to Johnson.

A Mistrial Declared. At 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon Judge Candler, who had remained in the courtroom all day waiting for a verdict, instructed a bailiff to question the jury in regard to what had been done.

"No verdict has been made," replied the bailiff, "and the jury is still divided."

"Then send for the prisoner," said Judge Candler.

Johnson had been carried back to jail, and a bailiff was dispatched for him. In twenty minutes the prisoner was led into the courtroom, and then the jury was asked to come out.

The men were haggard and worn, and their eyes were red from loss of sleep. They marched slowly into the courtroom and took their seats in the jury box.

"Have you gentlemen arrived at any conclusion?" asked Judge Candler.

"None whatever," Foreman Wood replied, "and there is no hope of our doing so."

Judge Candler then said that he knew they had acted as they each had thought and while he deeply regretted the fact that the trial had been useless, he did not feel inclined to hold them any longer. After thanking the jurors for their patience and faithful work he dismissed them and declared a mistrial.

Johnson Goes Back to Jail. As soon as the mistrial was declared Johnson was remanded to jail by Judge Candler.

He will remain in his cell until the full term of the criminal court, and his case will probably be reached some time in October.

"I held the jury as long as I did," said Judge Candler yesterday afternoon, "because I felt that the case was one of great importance, and I also believed that this jury would have been able to reach a verdict as well as any other jury that might be impaneled."

"The cost to the county to enter into a murder trial of this kind is heavy, and it did not cost much to hold the jury a day longer. Frequently a jury will hold out a long time, and be conscientious in what he does, and then will be shown his error and a verdict will be reached."

Among the men who waited through the forty-eight hours was Attorney J. E. Robinson, the attorney for the defense, who has been working for the negro's life. Mr. Robinson was on the anxious bench, and at no time had the slightest idea what the result of the jury's investigation would be.

Savannah Troops in Washington. Washington, July 4.—The Savannah Cadets, of Savannah, Ga., sixty strong, under command of Captain Brooks, together with a camp of Confederate Veterans, arrived in this city yesterday afternoon from Richmond, Va., where they had been in attendance at the reunion of the United Confederate Veterans. Yesterday afternoon and today were spent in sight-seeing. The cadets and veterans left here this afternoon at 3 o'clock for Savannah.

Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Davis are spending some days at the University of Virginia, after which they will visit Old Point, Virginia beach and other resorts, returning to Atlanta about August 1st.

# BY A MASKED MOB.

THE BRUTAL ASSAULT OF THE BUXTON FAMILY LYNCHED.

Mr. Gaine, Clerk of the Baldwin Superior Court, Thinks He Has Been Temple, of Milledgeville.

Gaithersburg, Md., July 4.—Sydney Randolph, the negro charged with the brutal assault upon the Buxton family, at this place, on the 25th of May, which resulted in the death of little Sadie Buxton, was taken from Rockville jail, where he was confined awaiting the action of the November grand jury, about 2:30 o'clock this morning by a mob of thirty or forty masked men and hanged near Rockville.

He went to his death without saying whether he was guilty or not of the horrible crime, his only utterances being cries of "murder" as he was carried away from the jail by the resolute body of men.

About 1 o'clock this morning the jailer in charge of the Rockville jail, an aged man who has served in that capacity for years, was awakened by rapping on the front door. Not once thinking of its being a mob bent on violence, he opened the door and was confronted by two masked men on the threshold, who demanded the keys. The jailer, taken completely by surprise, attempted to slam the door, but the men gained an entrance, followed by as many as could crowd into the small structure, all being heavily masked. At the points of revolvers the thoroughly frightened jailer was compelled to give up the keys. The mob at once proceeded to the cell where Randolph was confined and unlocked the door. The negro hearing the confusion in the corridor, surmised at once what was about to happen, and seizing a stool, attempted to defend himself, but with little effect. Strong arms soon had the frightened man bound and outside the jail, where a weapon was awaiting to take him away. The drive to the previously selected place, about two miles west of Rockville, on the Frederick pike, was quickly made, and once there, the rope was securely placed around his neck. When he was asked if he had anything to say, not a word could be drawn from him.

Many efforts were made to make him confess but to no avail. The rope was thrown over a limb and the trembling negro drawn fully twenty feet from the ground, where at last accounts the body was still hanging, and will remain until taken down by the authorities. Knowing that he had breathed his last and apparently satisfied that the right man had been hanged, the lynching party, which it is understood was composed of the best citizens of the community, who were perfectly sober and orderly, quietly dispersed, believing they had executed the perpetrator of the most atrocious crime ever committed in this country. The leaders are not known and the affair was kept so secret that none save the participants knew of it until after it was all over.

In a letter from Walter Gaine, clerk of the superior court, Baldwin county, dated Milledgeville, Ga., to Deputy Sheriff Thompson, Mr. Gaine states that he believes from the description of Sidney Randolph that he is the man that is wanted in Georgia for the murder of an old lady there about three years ago. The name of that negro was Ben Temple. He murdered Mrs. Leonard with an ax.

"Please look at this negro you have and see if he has a scar on either side of his face near the eye. The description of the negro answers pretty well to the negro Ben Temple. Certainly the negro has lived here either in the city or country."

Deputy Thompson examined Randolph and found the scars described. Everything is quiet. No one in Gaithersburg seems to know anything of the lynching and it comes as a complete surprise.

TAMMANY HAS AN OFF DAY.

The Politicians Give Up Their Opposition for the Day.

New York, July 4.—As usual, the Fourth of July was a great day in Tammany hall. Politics were for the once laid aside and patriotism had the call. The social side of the Tammany society or Colored order made itself manifest in speech and song, glorifying the land of the free and the home of the brave silver-tongued orators were listened to and applauded by an audience that packed Tammany hall to the doors.

Letters of regret were received from President Cleveland, Vice President Stevenson, Senator David H. Hill, Secretary of War, Olney, Secretary of the Interior, Hoke Smith, Rufus W. Peckham, Senator William F. Vilas, of Wisconsin; Hon. Don M. Dickinson, Hon. J. E. Russell, of Massachusetts; Secretary of Navy Herbert, Governor O'Ferrall, of Virginia; Hon. Chauncey F. Black, ex-Governor Plawer, Hon. Henry Waterson, Senators James Smith, of New Jersey, and J. L. Mitchell, of Wisconsin, and many others.

President Cleveland, after regretting his inability to be present, said in his letter: "The situation that confronts the country and the democratic party at this time invests with unusual impressiveness this commemoration of the occasion."

When, as appropriate to the occasion, our stupendous advancement is recalled, the fact should not be overlooked that the result of a wise observance of the monetary laws that control national health and vigor; and while we contemplate with pride the commanding place we occupy among the nations of the earth, we should not forget that this has been gained only through a jealous preservation of financial soundness and a careful maintenance of unsuspicious public credit.

"The high and firm financial ground which we have thus far been able to hold should not be abandoned in the pursuit of a policy, never attempted without national honor and whose bright promise of individual benefit has never been fulfilled."

"If there is anything in the present condition that impeaches experience and indicates that we can safely change, should present high financial standard for the silver, this should be made plainly apparent before such a radical departure finds a place in party creed."

"The tremendous consequences of a mistake in dealing with the financial question now pressed upon us as democrats should constantly make us thoughtful and solicitous. I am confident, therefore, that the voice of the Tammany party will not fail to be heard in warning and protest, and at a time when the feelings of our people appropriate to independence day are mingled with apprehension."

Senator Hill wrote as follows: "Having been commissioned by the democratic party of the state to attend as one of their delegates the approaching national convention at Chicago, I find myself unable to accept your courteous invitation."

A few suggestions pertinent to the present crisis may be deemed appropriate. "It is the duty of the democratic party at the present hour to adhere more firmly than ever to well-established usages, and to vigorously maintain its cardinal principles."

The departure for purposes of expediency at this time from either its usages or its principles is fraught with danger. It is the duty of the party to maintain its principles in the face of the most powerful and proceedings of its national conventions from time immemorial and patriotism, as well as good policy, require that no serious experiment should now be attempted by its abandonment."

Senator Hill then briefly summarized the party's creed and in conclusion adds that a substantial departure from these sentiments and policies will surely invite disaster in the future, and that the party's faithful adherence to them will pave the way to deserved success.

# THEY CELEBRATED

A Jolly Time It Was on St. Simon's Island Yesterday.

SEVERAL GOOD BOAT RACES

The Day in Macon—The City in Holiday Attire—A Fine Programme of Entertainment Carried Out.

Brunswick, Ga., July 4.—(Special.)—Brunswick's celebration of the glorious Fourth today was the greatest in her history. There were many visitors from middle and southern Georgia in the city and on the islands, who took advantage of very low excursion rates offered by the railroads and came to see the sights.

The chief point of the celebration was St. Simon's island, where every feature which goes to make up a full Fourth of July programme took place. Great interest was manifested in the regatta and hundreds of dollars changed hands on the results of the contests.

In the pilot boat race the Gracie, already champion of southern waters, was winner of the first prize, defeating the Glynn and Fride, both of this bar. The Fernandina boat Francis Elizabeth failed to put in an appearance, although she had been previously entered. The race was over a course of thirty-two miles.

In the race of diamond bottom boats, the "Unknown" won easily. She has been entered in many races before and has always borne off first money.

Much interest was taken in the bicycle races which were very successfully pulled off. The races and results were as follows:

Quarter mile dash, Clarence Gowen won, with Lambright second. Handsome prize.

Quarter mile dash, boys under sixteen, Lavigne Whitfield won.

Two mile handicap, George Ralston won, Clarence Gowen second. Prize a fine gold medal.

One mile open won by Clarence Gowen, with Lambright second. Time 1:35.

In every contest the prizes were magnificent and greatly appreciated by the winners.

In a melee on the island, Hugh Christopher, a well-known local negro man, was severely hurt. His injuries are not considered fatal.

Macon, Ga., July 4.—(Special.)—Macon celebrated July 4th in grand style today according to the elaborate programme printed in The Constitution. A large number of visitors were present. No accidents occurred. Business was practically suspended and the city was in holiday attire.

HEIRS FILE A CLAIM.

INTERESTING SUIT TO RECOVER VALUABLE LAND.

Two Hundred Acres of Valuable Property Disputed by a Squatter's Claim.

An interesting suit for the recovery of land was filed yesterday with the clerk of the superior court, amounting in value to many thousands dollars. The land is situated near the city limits of the city, near the exposition mills.

The papers read in the old-fashioned common law form of John Doe against Richard Roe. The latter denies any claim to the property, but in the case he cites the Hazard Powder Company, a corporation of the state of Connecticut, which real occupant and asks it to show cause why it should not be rejected from the property.

The Hazard Powder Company is said to own a number of strong brick stores in the western part of the city, located within a few hundred yards of the Exposition grounds. In these houses are stored thousands of tons of gun powder, dynamite and kindred explosives. The houses are scattered over an area of twenty-five acres and are about one hundred yards distant from each other. Other powder companies have storehouses for powder in the same neighborhood and these companies are said to be in the same line of business.

These companies are said to be the offspring of a great powder manufacturing family that is worth many millions. They bought the property in question about ten years ago and built the magazines and began business.

All of these companies are said to be under the management of Mr. Fred Martin, who is agent for the companies, and whose duty it is to deliver the explosives to dealers in the city and to the army and navy depots. The real plaintiffs in the case, who materialize in the fictitious John Doe, appear to be W. W. Ashburn and others. They claim the property under a grant from the state and upon an unbroken chain of titles down to the present time, the property having been bought from a young man named Brady, who he built it upon the death of his father, and who was sheriff of one of the Georgia counties, and was shot while trying to arrest a fugitive. The land was purchased by the state about twenty years ago and was sold to the state and consequently had more than twenty years' shelter from the law before adverse possession could operate against him.

This period has not yet expired and land squatters can get no pleasure or profit out of occupation between the years 1861 and 1865. The plaintiffs in the case are said to be the heirs of the man who was shot while trying to arrest a fugitive. The land was purchased by the state about twenty years ago and was sold to the state and consequently had more than twenty years' shelter from the law before adverse possession could operate against him.

Mr. James Donohue, for three years general freight and passenger agent of the Georgia, Florida and Gulf railway, has tendered his resignation. It was accepted and Mr. H. O. Quinn, a general passenger agent of the Burlington route, was appointed in his place. Mr. Quinn has been connected with the Burlington route for twenty years, sixteen of which he has spent in Kansas City. His new title will be general passenger and ticket agent.

Will Shut Down This Week. Lawrence, Mass., July 4.—To the unsatisfactory condition of business the Everett mill will shut down July 10th and remain closed until September 8th, unless there should be sufficient improvement in the business situation to warrant an earlier opening. About 1,200 hands are employed.

The Bookman is rapidly taking place among the magazines of literary gossip in the country. But its entertaining talk of writers is not its chief claim to recognition. It contains much original literary matter that is of value. It is published by the printing house of Dodd, Mead & Co.

"Flotsam, the Study of a Life" is the title of a new story by Seton Merriman. It is from the press of Longmans, Green & Co., and is kept at Lester's.

# IS IT POSSIBLE THAT IT WILL COME TO THIS?



If the democratic convention declares for the free coinage of silver will Cleveland, Whitney, Carlisle and other gold standard standard, democrats join the Mellins circus and carry water for the republican elephant.

From The Chicago Record.

# FOREIGN GOSSIP.

London, July 4.—The discontent in the government ranks with Mr. Balfour's leadership has grown since the abandonment of the education bill. His management of the debate on the next great ministerial measure, the land rating bill, displayed so little tact and so little desire to be tactical, as to cause the house to think that he is weary of the game of politics, or of the cares of the leadership. The impression has become general that he will soon relieve his party by resigning and going to the upper house.

The statement made in the house of commons yesterday by the parliamentary secretary to the foreign office to the effect that the Turkish government had agreed to immediately apply the measures, which the powers demanded for the purpose of restoring tranquility in the island of Crete, is not accepted inside or outside of parliament as in any wise assuring a settlement of the troubles between the Turks and Christians there.

The events in the island have been such as to render futile mere diplomacy. The concert of the powers does not impress the Christian insurgents who, no doubt, have in mind the much heralded concert in the case of Armenia, which was laughed to scorn by the sultan. The Cretan Christians have no faith in diplomatic promises, having had experience of their worthlessness through many years of Turkish misdeeds, and they mean to battle against it.

The debate on the Crete situation in the house of commons last night showed that the dominant sentiment among the unionists and the unanimous feeling of the liberals were in favor of a strong British policy, even should it go to the length of armed intervention. Mr. Curzon, the preliminary secretary of the foreign office, stated, however, that the government would not imperil the peace of Europe by taking isolated action, and that it would go only as far as the other powers were willing to go. The speaker today voiced the liberal policy in an article urging the government to use the fleet to prevent Turkish troops from landing in Crete, and to insist upon the neutralization of the island under European control.

The deceased wife's sister bill, though a thirty years old measure, is now being introduced by Mr. Chamberlain, the premier, and is expected to pass the house of commons before the end of the year.

The court which is to try Jameson and co-rebels will be composed of lord chief justice, Mr. Baron Pollock, and Mr. Justice Hawkins. There are rumors of an application to postpone the trial for the presence of witnesses from south Africa, some of whom are now in the thick of the fighting in Mashonaland. The government, that is, Mr. Chamberlain, appears genuinely anxious not to delay the proceedings, and further, to get, as soon as possible, to the inquiry by the commission on the chartered company. The reply sent by Mr. Chamberlain to the demand of the Transvaal government for the trial of Messrs. Rhodes and Beit and Dr. Harris, is understood to be that the English government will deal with the question under the light of what the commission report. As the commission cannot report before the summer of next year, Rhodes, Beit and Harris hardly need fret.

AUGUSTA TO CHATTANOOGA.

Application for a Charter for the Tennessee, Georgia and Atlantic.

Athens, Ga., July 4.—(Special.)—The railroad from Augusta to Chattanooga via Athens became much more a certainty.

The application for a charter has been made by Mr. E. B. Richardson, president of the name of the Tennessee, Georgia and Atlantic Railway Company.

The road is to run from Chattanooga to Lula, then take on the Northeastern and run on Athens to Augusta. The headquarters of the new road are to be in Athens.

Superintendent Martin Dooley, of the Northeastern, says the building of the road is an absolute certainty. He says Gainesville is desirous of having the new road pass her way, and has offered \$200,000 as an inducement, but he doesn't think the line will be built that way.

The people of Athens are very much delighted with the prospect for the building of the new road. It will give them cheap coal, and that is what Athens wants, and wants badly.

For the University.

The friends of the University of Georgia throughout the entire state will make a united effort this fall to secure an appropriation by the legislature for the purpose of erecting a new law building.

The income of the university is sufficient to meet the requirements possibly, but none of that income can be spent for the purpose of erecting new buildings.

For several years past the different boards of visitors, legislative investigating committees and all such bodies who came here and saw the condition of affairs have reported in favor of the erection of a new building, but it has never yet been secured.

Along with the fight that will be made in behalf of the university, will go in all probability a defensive warfare, for it is rumored that Griffin is still after the State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts and will make the fight again for its removal before the next legislature.

Funeral Here Tomorrow.

The remains of Mrs. William Gottheimer, of Lexington, Ga., will arrive here tomorrow.









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## 30 PAGES.

ATLANTA, GA., July 5, 1896.

\$2.50 CASH.

Sent to this office, will secure the Daily and Sunday Constitution during the Presidential campaign, ending with the election in November.

No newspaper in the Union will eclipse The Constitution in the perfection of its news service. No intelligent man can afford to do without it.

The People's Cause.

The national democratic convention which meets at Chicago next Tuesday will be the most remarkable political body that has assembled in this country in almost half a century.

During all that time the money power—the funded interests, the gold speculators, the international bankers—taking advantage of an extraordinary condition of affairs, has been busily engaged in pushing its greed aggressively to the front. Under cover of issues foreign to the real interests of the people, it has succeeded in manipulating public men, in controlling presidents and in bending congressional majorities to its will.

And always under cover. For thirty years, while the people have been wrangling over the results of the war—results as immutable as a decree of Providence—the money power has been carrying out its plans, always and necessarily by the aid of the republican party.

This power saw in the national bank system a new source of strength, and forthwith that system was seized and appropriated by it. It is commonly supposed that the tax on state banks of issue was a war measure. It was nothing of the sort. It was passed after the close of the war, and became a law by reason of the fact that one republican congressman was induced to change his vote. By this narrow majority the state banks of issue, in defiance of the constitutional rights of the people, were wiped out of existence, and the money power was left to reap the rich fruits yielded by the national banking system.

At the close of the war, which left the people of the north prosperous by reason of the fact that the supply of money in circulation amounted to more than \$68 per capita, and as soon as the national banks were without competition in the note-issuing business, McCullough, secretary of the treasury, fell under the influence of the money power and began to contract the currency by canceling and destroying the greenbacks, and this in the face of the fact that the demand for the notes had been increased by the addition of the population of the south to those who were employing greenbacks as currency. How many hundreds of millions of available currency was thus destroyed no man can say, but the destruction went rapidly forward for at least ten years, when congress passed a law making it the duty of the secretary of the treasury to reissue the greenbacks.

Meantime, the money power of this country, acting in concert with its British partners, clandestinely procured the demonization of silver. This was so deftly done that President Grant, who signed the bill, did not know he was shutting silver out of the mints.

Then following this came the demand of the money power for the resumption of specie payments, knowing that this would enhance the value of the gold dollar and lower all prices and values except the value of money. From first to last these measures were opposed by the democrats. The party was frequently badly led and badly advised, but, as a party, it set its face against the domination of the money power and opposed the plans it put forward in its

own interests and for its own enrichment.

As a party, however, the democrats were handicapped by the war issues that were invariably employed by the agents of the money power to cover its tracks. The shadow of the ill-fated confederacy hung over it. The very devotion of the northern people to a perpetual union of the states was played upon and employed by the money power to carry out its purposes. The south, where democracy pure and simple had its stronghold, was made the victim of the most awful slanders, and whenever there seemed to be a favorable opportunity for the people to win a victory against the money power, the spirit of sectionalism was appealed to and made rampant by charges and slanders against the south. By this means the republican party, the creature and tool of the money power, has been kept in power and the people have been robbed of untold billions.

Abraham Lincoln used to say that you can fool all the people a part of the time, and some of the people all the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time. This is a true saying, but since the war the money power and its agents have succeeded in fooling the people for a longer time than ever before in the history of the country. But, thanks be to the Lord who rules over all, their eyes are open at last from Maine to California—from the lakes to the gulf! Their eyes are open and will not be closed again until they sweep the money power and its agents from the seats of the mighty and clip its ugly claws to the quick.

Once more, as in the old days, the people of this republic are clothed in their right minds and are able to see in the principles of democracy the essence and substance of their political salvation. The miasma of sectional prejudices has been swept away, and once again, as in the days of Andrew Jackson, the common people are united in opposition to the aggressive greed of the money power and in defense of their rights and interests. Then, as now, the people heard themselves and their leaders denounced as anarchists and as repudiators. Then, as now, the people heard the threats of the funded and banking interests to involve the business of the country in panic and disaster. Then, as now, men who had been the trusted agents of the people were found allied with the money power. Then, as now, certain newspapers championed the cause of the money power.

But the people went forward then, as they will go now, and seized the strongholds of the money power and conquered all the sinister influences that it could bring to bear.

We are this year to have a repetition, on a grander scale, of the campaign that the people won under the lead of Andrew Jackson. The very same principles that the people contended for then are at issue now. Behind the struggle this question looms up: Shall contentment be a few plutocrats control the source of the people's money supply and thereby be able to control the currency? That is the basal issue.

For this reason the convention that meets at Chicago next Tuesday is to be an epoch-making assembly. The event to which it will give rise will be among the most important in our history. Practically it holds the fate of the republic in its hands, for if the people fall now, when everything points so clearly to success, they are not likely to succeed on any other field, for the money power will have them by their throats and hold them there.

But the convention will make no mistake. It is made up of men who are devoted to the interests of the people—men who are earnest, conscientious and patriotic. The cause that they have at heart is as sacred as any struggle that was ever undertaken for relief from injustice and oppression.

A Characteristic Trimmer.  
One of the characteristic trimmers whom it was the policy of the goldbugs to pack into the Chicago convention is G. J. Menzies, delegate at large from Indiana. He is muzzled by the unit rule, however, and will count for nothing when the vote is cast.

During the campaign, preliminary to the holding of the state convention in Indiana, Mr. Menzies was greatly concerned about not making the platform severe, so that gold men might not be driven from the party. In an interview in which he sought himself to be printed in The Constitution, and which was printed, he declared himself strongly in favor of absolute silver restoration, only claiming that it should be done without "rubbing it into the other side" too severely. All this, it now seems, was for the purpose of getting as many Trojan horses as possible into the convention.

Now Mr. Menzies appears as having been present at the Whitney caucus in Chicago, misrepresenting his state and showing himself in his true colors. But there will be true men enough in Chicago to retire such two-faced men as Menzies to the rear.

A Voice from New England.  
The announcement of George Fred Williams, of Massachusetts, delegate at large to the Chicago convention, that he will hereafter stand with the free coinage democrats, will cause a shiver of alarm and apprehension to rush up and down the backbone of the money power in the east. His declaration will surprise the gold men of his own state, who imagined that by manipulating the state convention they had put up the bars high enough to keep out all silver men.

The truth of the matter is that while the press of New York and Boston has been trying to deceive its readers as to the growth and extent of the bimetallic movement in the south and west, it has shut its eyes to the movement that has been going on among the masses in its own section. If such a movement as

has been going on in New York and New England during the past six months had been under way in the south and had escaped the attention of The Constitution, we should have felt inclined to surrender our presses and appurtenances to persons more capable of performing their duty to the public.

There was no reason why the New York and Boston papers should receive notice of what was going on. Men who are willfully blind do not need to have their eyes opened. But we are of the opinion that before the campaign is over they will have reason to regret that they have so persistently closed their eyes to a situation so full of interest to a political observer.

George Fred Williams was first a republican, and then a Cleveland mugger. Now he is a pretty full-fledged free coinage democrat. He observes that the time has come for a great popular uprising, he sees the evidences of it on every side, and he loses no time in falling in with the procedure. He declares that he is doomed politically in Massachusetts, but he doubtless intends to be taken with a grain of salt, for there can be no political doom in this country for a man who is bold enough and honest enough to stand for the rights and interests of the people.

His bold stand will encourage other people in Massachusetts, and if he really possesses the qualifications of a leader, he will be able to take charge of the powerful and steadily growing contingent of Massachusetts made up of the voters of both parties who will support a free coinage president.

He will discover how impotent the money power is when it has pushed its aggressive greed to the point where the people are moved to revolt against it.

As for McKinleyism and Hannamism, they never before in the history of the world was such a ghastly pretense of representing the people. The New York Journal, which is owned by a many-times millionaire, charges that the financial plank of the McKinley platform was telegraphed to the New York gold syndicate for approval, and the charge has not been denied. If the charge is true, it is sufficiently serious to cause the people to rise up and blot the republican party out of existence. At this is precisely what they are preparing to do.

Peek for Governor.  
The statement that Mr. Peek is not averse to standing again as the populist candidate for governor will not be surprising.

In some respects Mr. Peek is under the impression that his chances for election are better than ever. When he ran before he was without distinguished alliances, such as often give prestige to a cause. Now, however, he can go before the people with a letter in his pocket, signed with the name of Mr. Cleveland, secretary of the interior, in which some of the wildest claims of the late alliance are given indorsement as worthy ground for rapprochement.

It is true that since the writing of the letter the author has temporarily suspended his views out of deference to his chief. In this, however, there may have been that deep statesmanship which looked to ultimate results rather than present advancement. The easiest way to convert a stubborn man is to appear to yield to him for a season, when the satisfaction of complacency would mellow him and prepare him to receive that which at first he might have rejected. Thus that which was hard might become soft, and becoming soft might be so pliable in the hands of the patient potter as to be molded according to his will.

With such possibilities in embryo, Mr. Peek may be excused for glancing flirtingly over his fan.

The Georgia Peach.  
In a story told elsewhere it will be seen that Georgia has already become the peach orchard of the world.

Within a few years the number of peach trees in Georgia has grown until the orchards count their trees no longer by hundreds and thousands but by hundreds of thousands. No one who has been at the magnificent 100,000 trees in the Hart orchard can doubt for an instant the magnitude of this new industry and the amount of money which must be looked up within the velvet folds of the juicy peach.

It is but a few years since the first steps in what might be called commercial peach culture in this state were taken. Previous to that and coming down as a heritage from the Indians, the Georgia peach was looked upon as a favorite article for the table, and ranked beside the other productions which were so generous of this state. It was reserved for a Georgia boy, Sam H. Rumph, to conceive the idea that there was money as well as toothsome in the Georgia peach. Being the son of a widowed mother, he begged for a few acres upon which he might experiment with his hobby, as it was regarded by his neighbors in southwest Georgia.

This hobby soon grew into a practical reality, and from a few acres of trees he branched out until he located over a hundred, and then the number reached up to thousands, and before the world was he was a peach grower. Rumph was coining money at the rate of \$30,000 or \$40,000 a year out of his peach. It must not be supposed that this success was wrought without thought or without industry. In the first place, Mr. Rumph overcame the difficulties of experimentation, and to locate the varieties best adapted to soil and climate. Having solved this problem in a manner not yet improved upon even by his enterprising competitors, he then set about the equally difficult and more hazardous task of mastering the commercial features by which he might place his product with expedition in the best and most successful markets. He was as great in his commercial venture as he was in his agricultural trial, and the name of Mr. Samuel H. Rumph stands today as the pioneer in the development of the Georgia peach tree, as well as the Georgia peach market.

The influence of one successful man in a community is sure to spread to all his neighbors, and it was not long before dozens of the people around Mr. Rumph began profiting by his experience, and now within five miles of the original peach orchard there are planted nearly 1,500,000 peach trees. The fields are spread to the north and to the south, and

even in far north Georgia, in the hills around Marietta, as well as south, toward Tifton and on nearer Savannah, the cultivation of the peach has become at once a pleasant and profitable industry, until now there are growing along the Central railroad system alone something over two million peach trees.

This success, it must be remembered, was started and accomplished by a Georgia boy who had never been out of his native county. It was taken up and further developed by other Georgia farmers who had spent their lives at home, but who proved by their great success that they were equal to the highest accomplishment of farmers elsewhere.

The result of this has attracted the attention of many persons in the great peach-growing centers of the world, the principal of whom is Mr. John H. Hale, of Connecticut. Mr. Hale is the great Connecticut peach grower, making a practice of raising and selling so as to avoid the middle man as much as possible. He was placed in charge of the pomological and horticultural department of the census of 1890. In pursuance of his duties he had to visit all parts of the union, and when he went to Fort Valley, one of the centers of Georgia peach growing, he was so impressed that it was the peach-growing section of the world that he at once invested largely and set out 100,000 trees. This example has been followed by other leading peach growers in the south, and the result is that Fort Valley and Tifton are taken up by enterprising men, determined to make it the garden spot of the universe.

It is no wonder, then, that upon a recent occasion, described in the article elsewhere, President Comer, of the Central Railroad of Georgia, esteemed the fruit fields of this section as the greatest sight which he could exhibit to the eyes of a distinguished body of guests. They spent several days in the region, especially at the orchard of Mr. Hale, which is representative of the others, and all were highly pleased with the immense development which they saw going on there. It was the unanimous verdict that the silent people of Georgia, at work upon their native fields, without the heralding of press or public speech, had quietly and insistently achieved a success which means more for the state than all the great public enterprises which we have heard so much of.

It is in the hands of this conservative and hard-working, intelligent yeomanry of Georgia that the wealth and prosperity of the state lies, and the work which they have accomplished in this one idea of peach growing proves that despite the croaking of those who do not know what they are talking about, we may trust to the men of Georgia to be in the forefront of every development and every enterprise possible to skill or climate or soil.

The article furnished elsewhere will be a revelation to those who have not been keeping up with the times. It will be an incentive to people in other parts of the state to discover the specialties which lie within their reach and to encourage them to go to work manfully and intelligently, and success will come to them as it has already come to their brethren in the peach-growing regions of the state.

Whitney's latest plan is to "hold 300 together." This is like falling from the cupola and catching by the seat of the breeches on an awning post. Well, well; statesmanship always has its surprises!

No doubt the Whitney crowd thought at first that men who are "dishonest" enough to favor the restoration of silver were also dishonest enough to repudiate their own views.

We hear now that free coinage will cause the democrats to lose several southern states. Why will the gold men persist in looking on the dark side of things? We advise them to come out of their caves of gloom and take a sun bath.

Mr. Whitney was not met at the day-poe in Chicago by any large number of the men whom he denounced as dishonest. We trust his feelings are not hurt.

Hanna is beginning to think that St. Louis is nearer the tropics than Chicago, and he is probably right.

Senator Hill seems to be one of those statesmen who refuse to stand on a platform of their own making. Such shrinking modesty as this necessarily attracts a large amount of attention.

What has become of the renowned Seneca Murphy, from New York? The last we heard from him he was laid up with a sore leg.

Mugwumpers undoubtedly has its strong points, as George Fred Williams demonstrates.

Speaking of Eckels—However, we will not speak of Eckels.

The cabinet caucus will no doubt be held in one of the suburbs of Chicago—say Lake Michigan.

The cuckoos seem to be very anxious about the Chicago nomination. They seem to never get tired of crow.

One eastern newspaper—the Springfield Republican—is beginning to discover the fire in the woods. It is also finding out the reason why.

The cuckoos in this region are stretching out their crow as long as a twine string. We are glad they are fond of it.

Will Work in Harness.  
From The Albany, Ga., Herald.  
The Columbus Enquirer-Sun anxiously inquires, "Will reason or free silver control at Chicago next week?" What a question for a grown up person to ask. Just as though reason and free silver weren't simply different names for the same political personality! They'll control jointly.

Welcome the Flood!  
From The Griffin, Ga., News.  
That flood of silver with which we are threatened would be very welcome just now. There has been no rain or flood of any kind around Griffin since the first of April that amounted to much.

A SUNDAY SYMPHONY.

The Storm's Mystery.  
I called the Witch of Darkness men name  
Night  
And did command her with a voice  
sublime:  
Covering she came from many a dreary  
clime  
And trailed her tresses on the brow of  
light.

Then with red rods of lightning did I smite  
The insolent sea—wild witness of my  
crime,  
And loud and deep I made my thunders  
clime,  
Until its awed and wrinkled face grew  
white!

Then rushed the sailless ship into my arms  
With cries of drowning men from  
masts swept—  
With tears and pleadings that assailed me  
now!  
When—suddenly ceasing all my rude  
alarms,  
Forth from my chariot of clouds I stepped  
With rainbows of the Morning on my brow!

—Frank L. Stanton.  
A Georgia candidate made a bad "break" in church the other day. The preacher asked some one to start a hymn, and the candidate burst forth with: "From Greenland's icy mountains." But he caused a slight sensation among the brethren when he rendered one of the concluding stanzas as follows:

"Wait, wait, ye winds, the story  
And you, ye waters, roll  
They vote from poll to poll!"

There is no telling where he would have brought up if the good brethren had not called him down.

With Molly.  
All the world is bright and fair—  
Life no pleasure misses  
If with Molly I but share  
"Bread and cheese and kisses."

Find me here, or find me there—  
In a hut like this is  
Happy if with her I share  
"Bread and cheese and kisses."

The great editors of great magazines are a queer lot, and sometimes have queer ways with contributors. Some time ago an author sent a poem to one of the great fellows, and after three months or more, received this acknowledgment:

"My Dear Sir—I have read your verses many times. Some days I like them, and some days I do not. Today I like them. Yours etc., etc."

That was all. But a month afterwards the poet received a cheque and the poem appeared in all the glory of magazine print.

The prettiest little poem which has appeared in The Atlantic in a year was Charles J. Bayne's "Val d'Arno." Bayne had to go to Europe to get the inspiration for it and to find a theme classical enough for Mr. Scudder; but he succeeded admirably. Now, let him go to New York and write a poem for The Century.

A Homely Philosopher.  
Don't know if the world is better  
Or gittin' a roofed deal wuss;  
But, winter or spring, I know one thing:  
It's a purty good world fer us!

So trim up the roses, Molly,  
That climb to the lips of you—  
The violets sweet at the children's feet,  
An' give me a rose or two!

Don't know if the world is better—  
I'm out of the fret an' fuss,  
But I think the drink a little bit drink,  
It's a purty good world fer us!

So trim up the roses, Molly,  
An' look to the violets blue:  
An' kiss the boys, with their rompin' noise,  
An' give me a kiss or two!

An Etching.  
There was a mockingbird singing in the blossoms,  
"Curse the bird!" cried a man,  
as he closed the casement windows with a crash.  
"What devil's spirit makes it sing at midnight?"

And then the melody died away and slumber and dream came to the man. He was in a dim wood, and it was midnight. From the crimsoned grasses at his feet a dead face stared at him and as he turned from the accusing eyes there was a quiver in the blossoms above him and the music of a bird went thrilling through the night.

"Curse the bird!" he cried, "that sings over a dead man in the dark!"

And he awoke from his dreams and all the world was still—save for that one bird singing—singing—singing.

Hon. William L. Scruggs is in the city for a few days. He has been doing valuable work in the Venezuelan matter, and is only enjoying a brief holiday here.

There's Hope.  
For when the storms roll by,  
The rainbow like a ribbon  
Betwixt the black dress of the sky.

Look up, my love, my dear!  
The rainbow is the sign  
An' all the rain-clouds drifin'  
Leave flowers full of dew!

Bilville Literary Notes.  
Many of the Bilville poets made enough money by voting in the recent primary to publish their books this fall.

We had a literary barbecue on Wednesday last. There were present three cows and sixteen poets, and all went merry as a cattle bell.

The literary strawberry festival for the benefit of the new church steps was a great success. Seven ravens were raffled and we predict that Bilville will soon be livelier than ever.

A man who was trying to sell a soldier's prayer book was in town last Saturday. When told that Lee had surrendered thirty years ago he called the town marshal a Yankee, "for," said he, "hain't I jest heard tell er Gin'ral Gordon goin' ter Richmond an' huggin' Jeff Davis?" F. L. S.

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

Griffin News: The government officials of big cities and low degrees have been ordered to go to Chicago and make an effort to thwart the will of the people on the great question of the age. But they will have but little influence. The people are too much in earnest in their determination to throw off the oppressive yoke to be easily persuaded or turned aside. The holders of government offices will only make the friends of free silver coinage more firm, if not more radical. There will be no straddle at Chicago.

hence it is certain that the platform will declare for the white metal in no uncertain terms.

Sylvania Telephone: The Georgia delegation to Chicago will vote as a unit, and will vote always for the free and unlimited coinage of silver at 16 to 1. This will be the platform adopted at Chicago.

Cedartown Standard: A democratic silver candidate for president on a platform to silver platform will sweep the country next fall.

OUÉ CONVENTION EDITION.

"A Glorious Victory."  
From The Cuthbert Liberal-Enterprise.  
In the fight between the free coinage of silver and the gold standard which closed, practically, with the state convention The Atlanta Constitution has achieved a glorious victory. It is true that the other free silver papers of the state have done much to bring about this victory, but as the leading paper of the state, The Constitution has done by far the largest part. Great is The Constitution.

"It Carried the State."  
From The Carnesville Times.  
The Atlanta Constitution carried its convention edition into Macon on a special train. The Constitution has carried the state for free silver. It is a great paper. There is nothing so big nor so little that The Constitution cannot push to success. It always gets there some way.

"A Great Victory."  
From The Rochelle New Era.  
The victory at Macon is a great victory for The Atlanta Constitution, which has so ably and earnestly battled in the cause of democracy.

STATE POLITICAL NOTES.

Hon. Robert L. Berner, of Forsyth, has formally entered the race for the senatorial nomination in his district, his announced intention appearing in the current issue of The Monroe Advertiser. While no formal announcement has been made by Judge W. P. Minnifield, he is also in the field and is making an active canvass. Other aspiring Monroe county men are said to be looking around with a view of coming in if the outlook is encouraging. The senatorial convention has not yet been called, but as Monroe doesn't vote until August, the date will be doubtless for that month. Pike has already elected his delegates and Bibb's will be chosen July 15th.

Colonel W. A. Thompson, of Cordele, who has been nominated for the senate in the fourth district, will probably be the nominee for president of that body. Harry Dunwoody, of Glencoe, and A. G. McCurry, of Hart, are already in the race.

Speaking of Steve Clay's work in the state convention The Sylvania Telephone says:

"It would be hard to find a better presiding officer than Chairman Clay. His quick and ready decisions on all points show him versed in parliamentary law, and the way in which he rushes business through is a caution to behold."

It will be a three-cornered race for the legislature in Washington county. The Democrats will put out a full ticket and the republicans at a recent meeting decided to nominate candidates for representatives and a candidate for tax collector.

The Buford Herald says the friends of Mr. D. G. Sudders are urging him to make the race for the legislature.

Colonel J. M. Bishop, of Dawson county, has announced for state senator.

THE STATE CONVENTION.

Telfair Enterprise: The business of the state convention was conducted with a degree of harmony unparalleled in the history of state politics when any issue of importance was pending.

Elberton Star: The party has reared the banner of free silver over the democratic hosts. Once more united we will march to victory, and "May 22" the vengeance of heaven, and the contempt of man rest upon the renegade who will betray his trust.

Cedartown Standard: The convention was a distinguished and enthusiastic gathering of representative citizens and loyal democrats, all earnest in their desire to continue to give Georgia the best state government in the union.

Pike County Journal: The platform and nominees for governor and statehouse officers is a combination that will give us 75,000 majority in the fall election.

Cuthbert Liberal: Georgia democracy has spoken and it is not for any of your "international agreement."

MR. WHITNEY'S SCHEME.  
Cuthbert Liberal: William C. Whitney may as well change his mind again and take his European trip, for he is not the good he can do the gold standard advocates at the Chicago convention.

Americus Times-Recorder: Mr. Whitney has displayed the danger signal and is keeping the alarm bells ringing. He is not the man to attempt to butt the locomotive off the track.

Albany Herald: According to Mr. Whitney's own estimate of the situation, he has undertaken something that is impossible of accomplishment at the Chicago convention.

Griffin News: Cleveland's financial policy was fully endorsed at St. Louis. This ought to satisfy Mr. Whitney. Without seeking more conventions to conquer.

Augusta Chronicle: It is probable that David Bennett Hill will not shed many bitter tears at the discomfiture of Mr. William Collins Whitney, in Chicago.

A Georgia Prescription.  
From The Griffin News.  
The full gold dollar will have a terrible time sobering up after the Chicago convention. We recommend the Bland cure.

NOT LIKE IT USED TO BE.  
Maryland Democrats Leave for Chicago Without Any Display.  
Baltimore, Md., July 4.—The disaffection in the ranks of the democracy was clearly illustrated this morning when the state delegation to the national convention assembled at Camden station and took the 10:30 Baltimore and Ohio train for Chicago.

There were just twenty-two persons in the party, including delegates, democratic leaders and newspaper men. The Lord's private car Delaware special train. To-day one Pullman and one President C. K. Lord's private car Delaware special train. To-day one Pullman and one President C. K. Lord's private car Delaware special train. To-day one Pullman and one President C. K. Lord's private car Delaware special train.

ON THE TOWER.

The cold December day had caused the men who had been working on the tall tower in the public square of Ironton to leave their posts; and with the exception of the foreman, Stephen Holt, who had all day been shut in in neighboring tavern just before nightfall.

Facing the stiff breeze from the north, with its stinging snowflakes, Holt stood at the base of the granite tower, so deeply absorbed in his own gloomy thoughts that he did not feel the freezing gale.

He was a middle aged man, of sturdy frame, and his smooth, resolute face indicated strength of character and fearless courage.

"A curse upon John Grafton and his tower!" he muttered as he glanced upward to the summit of the tall structure, towering some three hundred feet above the ground. "A curse upon him and his. He has shown me no mercy, and I will show him none."



















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**\$500 TAKES CHOICE OF THREE HUNDRED SUITS WORTH \$10.00**

**\$600 TAKES CHOICE OF TWO HUNDRED SUITS WORTH \$12.50**

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### UNDERWEAR.

27 dozen Men's fine Lisle Silk Underwear, tan, ecru, brown, pink and blue, Shirts or Drawers, worth \$1.50 each, at

75c.

### Monarch Shirts.

69 dozen "Monarch" Laundered Negligee Shirts, elegant patterns, perfect fitters, worth \$1.25, at

89c.

### Brownie Overalls.

"Brownie" Overall; save the boys' clothes; boys' sizes 4 to 12; suspender straps, price

25c.

### Men's Suspenders.

72 dozen fine Rubber End Suspenders, worth up to 35c, price

15c.

### STRAW HATS.

22 dozen Yeddo Ounce Straw Hats, the coolest Hat in town 50c and 75c quality, at

35c.

### Puff Bosom Shirts.

58 dozen Men's fine Puff Bosom Shirts, "just off the ice," well worth \$1.00, at

59c.

At whatever price we quote an article IT MUST BE THE FULL EST-VALUE FOR THE MONEY OBTAINABLE

**THE GLOBE**  
**SHOE AND CLOTHING CO**  
ATLANTA, GA.

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WHITEHALL ST.  
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BROAD ST.

### GAS

FIXTURES cheaper than they have ever been sold in Atlanta. We guarantee to sell 10 per cent cheaper than anybody.

### MANTELS.

less than cost. Mantels from \$7.50 to \$200.

### REFRIGERATORS

At your OWN price. Cost no object.

### PLUMBING.

Our cut price of 20 per cent less than first class work has ever been done still continues. Get our prices and save money.

### HANICUTT & BELLINGRATH CO.



### VIGOR OF MEN

MAGNETIC NERVE

Easily, Quickly, Permanently Restored. Sold with a Written Guarantee to cure Loss of Vitality, Nervous Debility, Insomnia, Fading Memory, and all Wasting Diseases and all Weaknesses resulting from early or late excesses. \$1 per box, \$5 for \$5. Mailed to any address on receipt of price.

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WARRACK, LUCAS & CO., Cor. Peachtree and Marietta Sts., Atlanta, Ga.

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Capital, \$400,000. Surplus, \$100,000.

Our large resources and special facilities enable us to receive on favorable terms accounts of Banks, Corporations, Firms and individuals.

Special attention is called to our magnificent system of Safe Deposit Boxes, which will be rented at reduced prices. Drafts issued on all parts of Europe. Interest paid on time deposits.

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W. L. PEEL, Vice President.

**MADDOX-RUCKER BANKING CO.**

Capital and Surplus \$200,000. Stockholders' Liability \$320,000.

Solicit accounts of individuals, firms, corporations and banks, upon favorable terms. No interest allowed on open accounts subject to check. In our Savings Department we furnish books and receive amounts from \$1.00 up to \$5,000, on which interest is allowed at the rate of 4 per cent per annum. For out of town customers we issue certificates of deposit, bearing interest at 4 per cent. Withdrawals can be made only on presentation of the book or certificate.

may 16-17

**FINANCIAL.**  
**W.H. PATTERSON & CO**  
Dealers in  
Investment Securities,  
No. 9 E. Alabama street.

### Money to Loan.

Collateral and Mortgage Loans made and negotiated. Address or call on LAND TRUST CO., 703 Temple Court, Atlanta. Telephone 534.

**PAINE-MURPHY COMPANY, BROKERS,**  
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Orders executed over private wires for Cotton, Stocks, Bonds, Grain and Provisions. Local securities bought and sold. Correspondence solicited.

1 South Pryor Street, Jackson Building. Phone 275.

### For Sale.

State of Georgia Bonds, City of Augusta Bonds, Georgia Railroad Bonds, Southwestern of Ga. R. R. 5 per cent guaranteed stock, Augusta and Savannah R. R. 5 per cent guaranteed stock, Georgia Railroad Stock, Atlanta and West Point Railroad Stock, And other first-class Investments. Full list sent on application.

JOHN W. DICKEY, Stocks and Bonds, Augusta, Ga.

June 30-71

**NORTON & WORTHINGTON**

Brokers Chicago

No. 3 Chicago Board of Trade.

Execute Orders for the Purchase or Sale of GRAIN, PORK, LARD, RIBS, SEEDS, ETC., FOR CASH OR FOR FUTURE DELIVERY.

Correspondence Invited.

\$1000 To every purchaser of our \$1000-5 per cent Gold Bonds—payable \$10 monthly.

WILSON & CO., 120 Broadway, New York

John W. Dickey,

Stock and Bond Broker

AUGUSTA, GA.

Correspondence Invited

Feb-20 Sun thur

If you are going to the Mountains or Sea Shore, why not carry a Hammock and Croquet Set? We have Hammocks and will make a special price on them for the next week. Our Croquet Sets are always cheap, and the quality the best.

**Lads-Neel Co**

### The Mark-Down Trick.

Some stores are always having a mark-down sale—you see the signs in the windows, price-marks, etc: "Selling for Half," one price crossed off and a lower one in vivid red ink.

### You Know the Trick.

The crossed-off lines were never on; the "half-prices" are high; the goods are bad; Peter Funk methods prevail. We mention the trick because we are doing the thing it counterfeits.

### We Break the Market.

Sell at a loss for the rest of the Summer. Every day till Autumn shall lose money.

We want to be understood, and shall say it over and over again in different ways all Summer. We're losing money every day with great big trade. We have but one theme from July to September.

### Losing Money Every

### Day on Men's and

### Boys' Clothing.

Seems absurd; it isn't absurd; it is wise. It was wise to get ready for a prosperous trade this Summer; it hasn't come. It is wise to get ready for a prosperous trade next Fall; it may not come. To get ready we must get our money out of Summer Goods. Such risks belong to the business; the losses have got to be met to make sure of the profits. It isn't all fair weather in the retail clothing realm.

There is another way to get through these difficulties; that is to lie and cheat; to pretend to sell cheap and not do it.

You scarcely need to be told that the system of shop-keepers generally—we don't like to call 'em merchants—is to promise and not perform. It is this custom of saying one thing and doing another that levels us all. You distinguish between us, though. You know, and yet you do not always practice your prudence. It is so easy to slip; and hard to be always guided by judgment.

### NEW PRICES FOR MEN'S SUITS.

\$25.00 Suits at \$17.50  
\$20.00 Suits at \$13.50  
\$15.00 Suits at \$10.00  
\$12.50 Suits at \$ 7.50

### NEW PRICES FOR BOYS' SUITS.

\$15.00 Suits at \$10.00  
\$12.50 Suits at \$ 7.50  
\$10.00 Suits at \$ 6.00  
\$ 8.00 Suits at \$ 5.00

### NEW PRICES FOR CHILDREN'S SUITS.

\$7.50 Suits at \$5.00  
\$6.00 Suits at \$4.50  
\$5.00 Suits at \$3.50  
\$4.00 Suits at \$3.00

When we are making money, we make so well and sell so close that you lose money whenever you trust to "Bargains" elsewhere—almost invariably—no matter what the advertisements say.

What now? We are selling at two-thirds, three-quarters, four-fifths. There is but one good reason for losing money; we've got to. The times are tighter than we provided for; we've got to sell at a loss or do worse—it is worse to keep at a loss; the loss of keeping is always worse than the loss of selling.

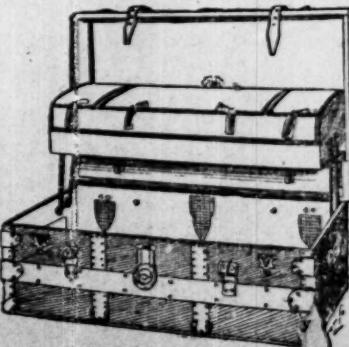
In July and August we shall get our money out of Summer Clothing; in the next half-year we shall turn it twice if we can in Fall and Winter Clothing. If we should be stingy in making this loss, we should lose that profit.

The profit is more than the loss, though not so sure—we expected profit this Summer—we've had it so far.

No tears! We are making money by losing money.

All our goods are marked in plain figures—no shams or deceptions.

**Lads-Neel Co**



### 25° STEAMER TRUNKS 25°

Patent Automatic Revolving Tray.

For next 30 days a special cut of 25 per cent. on all Steamer Trunks. Brass Bound, Sole Leather Bound or Steel Bound. Special low prices on all goods. Only complete line in the city. Call and be convinced.

L. LIEBERMAN,

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**Facilities**

the wholesale  
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give the popular  
or a full business

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# THE LUSCIOUS PEACH. QUEEN OF ALL THE FRUITS

Georgia Is Rapidly Forging Ahead in Its Culture and Its Shipment.

## SOME INTERESTING FIGURES

Showing the Number of Trees at Points on the Central System.

## THE FAVORITE VARIETIES

Fifty Thousand Dollars Netted from 200 Acres.

## WHAT NORTHERN AND WESTERN MEN SAW

Surprised at the Large Orchards and the Trees Full of Fine Fruit.

Macon, Ga., July 4.—(Special.)—Peach is queen now in Georgia. Her velvet cheeked highness rules in the state. We pay tribute to her and freely acknowledge her potency and power.

She comes in finest form and color, and expectant humanity rejoices in her attractive and refreshing presence.

She comes delighting the eye of the beholder and pouring upon the altar of the air and upon the wandering zephyr her reviving perfume.

She comes garlanded with summer's sweetest flowers, and on her cheeks trembles something like the first blush of the morning.

With her coming burdens of adversity vanish like mists before the rising sun. She reanimates the world, and her presence sheds abroad the light of cheerfulness and joy.

She is the emblem of prosperity. The sun loves to visit her, and the moon beams find her in a pathway of silver.

The peach is the ornament of the garden, queen of the orchard. Nature, as if delighted with this exquisite production of her hand, has multiplied her species and varieties to an almost unlimited extent.

Georgia is now forging ahead in fruit culture. By a concerted effort she can be placed so far in the lead that not even California can overtake her. With established fruit lines, cheap and rapid transportation, Georgia will in the next five years become the greatest fruit producing belt in the world. The climate and soil both favor the production of fruits of the finest form, flavor and color. This is no idle boast, for within the past few years its reputation as a fruit growing section has attracted the attention of the most experienced growers in the northern states, who have invested thousands and thousands of dollars and who have planted hundreds of thousands of trees. The surety of the crop, the earliness of ripening and the nearness to the great markets give this section advantages which no longer make fruit culture here an experiment.

Foreign investors are turning their

attention to what was then counted a large orchard. It was reserved, however, for Mr. S. H. Rumph, of Marshallville, the peach king of Georgia, to fully demonstrate the profit in fruit culture, and it was his great crop in 1887, when it is asserted that he cleared \$50,000 from it, that first called attention to the large profits in the Georgia peach, and the name Elberta, which he gave to a peach of his own propagation, became synonymous with the most perfect type of beauty and flavor in fruit. It is estimated that the net yield of his peach trees and nurseries for the season of 1885 was more than \$100,000.

There is not another crop grown that pays a better profit on the investment than Georgia peaches—fifty thousand dollars from one crop of 200 acres, or \$250 per acre, and that net. The cost of the land, the trees, the planting and cultivation into the soil, the picking and packing, and the transportation to the great markets, all of these things taken together, the net yield from one crop. This same 200-acre peach orchard has returned to Mr. Rumph fully \$100,000 in four years, and in one of these years there was a total failure of crop and another year only a partial crop. Nor is this profit confined to large growers. The small grower has done equally as well, if not better. One grower with an orchard of less than eight acres sold his crop on the tree for \$2,500, or more than \$300 per acre.

Another small grower sold his crop of 100 trees on one acre for \$500, and the buyer picked and packed them, while the grower sold the fruit for \$1.50 per bushel. One man gathered and picked seven crates of one tree in his garden, which he sold for \$15, or at the rate of \$2.50 per bushel. In 1894 Mr. W. O. Tift, of Tifton, sold peaches in New York at \$12 per bushel.

Figures That Attract.

These figures have attracted the attention of fruit growers of the north and west, who, after thoroughly investigating the matter, have within the past four years invested largely in lands lying south of Macon, and have planted over 1,000,000 trees. Two companies have each planted orchards of 100,000 trees. It may be thought this is overdoing the matter, and that when these trees begin bearing there will be an overproduction that the markets will be glutted, and the prices fall so low that they will not pay the freight. It must be remembered that great is the number of trees planted in Georgia, they will not more than replace the trees which have died from the "yellows" in Maryland and Delaware, and the fact that the peach of California would glut the markets of the world, and the shipments grew from 4,000,000 pounds of green fruit in 1880 to 30,000,000 in 1890; but there has been no glut in the market, and the grower has netted better profits.

A northern fruit grower who has moved to Georgia speaks of the profit in peaches as follows:

"Peach growing in Georgia offers to the man of moderate means greater inducements than any other industry in any other section. He can buy land for from \$5 to \$25 per acre. These lands are productive and easily cultivated. He can cultivate as much with one mule here as he can with two horses in the north. While his orchard is growing into bearing he can cultivate the land between the trees and raise enough produce to pay the cost of cultivation and support a family. In from three to four years he can begin to realize from his orchard. In making this estimate we are assuming that the land is in a few acres, he can acquire a competency. Twenty acres in peaches will give him an income of from \$1,000 to \$5,000 a year with the land between the trees and a few acres allowing only 100 trees to the acre (commercial growers are now planting 150), with a yield of two crates to the tree, and estimating the price at from \$1 to \$1.50 per crate; although a fair yield is three to five crates to the tree, and the prices have been at \$2.50 per crate."

There is one thing about the peach crop that commends itself particularly to my favor, and that is the large distribution of it. While the grower reaps a rich reward for his labor, the pickers, packers, teamsters, ice manufacturers, crate manufacturers and railroads all get their share. In picking and packing children earn good

Some Interesting Figures.

I dare say there are not many persons in Georgia who have any idea of the value of the peach in this state, and it may be surprising information for them to learn that on the Central railway system alone there are 2,000,000 trees in orchards that now grow and others that will soon grow fruit for shipment. This does not include the innumerable small orchards that are kept for private consumption and the home market.

The following are the number of trees at different points on the Central's system:

Atlanta Division—Forsyth, 17,700 trees; Mims's Crossing, 8,000; Barnesville, 8,000; The Rock, 21,000; Milner, 13,000; Griffin, 20,000; Orchard Hill, 30,000.

Savannah Division—McIntyre, 44,000; Tifton, 34,000.

Southwestern Division—Walden, 4,500; Powersville, 72,000; Marshallville, 38,300; Fort Valley, 60,000; Winchester, 10,000; Cuthbert, 42,000.

Grand total on the Central system, 2,000,000.

As stated the above figures refer only to the divisions of the Central road. There are hundreds of thousands of fruit bearing trees on the other lines of railway which traverse this section of the state.

From its first settlement Georgia has been a peach-growing section. On all the old plantations can be seen "old seedling" orchards, the trees in some of them being from twenty to forty years old. On

wages, and thus every household is benefited.

## Hale's Great Work.

It has been successfully established that middle Georgia is the peach paradise of the world, and no one has more fully demonstrated this fact than Mr. J. H. Hale, of South Glastonbury, Conn., the energetic and intelligent president and general manager of the Hale Georgia Orchard Company, which owns 1,087 acres of the finest fruit and nursery lands in the south, lying in Houston county, Georgia, within a mile and a half of Fort Valley and about twenty-five miles from Macon. Mr. Hale is just in the prime of life. At the age of fourteen he commenced the fruit business in Connecticut, and has been continuously at it ever since. He is an expert in fruit culture, and regards middle Georgia as the best adapted section for peaches in the world. All the conditions here are favorable for the growing and marketing of the crop. In 1889 Mr. Hale bought the above mentioned 1,087 acres for the purposes of fruit culture. The land was an old field then, but its value has been greatly enhanced since its purchase by Mr. Hale. He formed a stock company capitalized at \$60,000. He converted 87 acres into an orchard and 100 acres into a nursery, the remainder of the land being used for other purposes. The orchard, which is known as Edgewood fruit farm, contains 100,000 fruit-bearing trees, and is the largest single orchard in the world. Its peaches have a national reputation, and there is a universal demand for "Hale peaches."

Recently President Hale planned an excursion of prominent northern business men, fruit stockholders, growers and sellers, from the north to the Edgewood fruit farm and other great orchards, and with the help of President H. M. Comer, of the Central railway of Georgia, the excursion was perfected and has just been brought to a successful close.

It greatly simplifies transportation and is a great saving in time. The cars are loaded right at the packing house, no hauling in wagons being necessary. This truckage facility of course enhances the value of the fruit lands and will help to bring other fruit lands on the market for sale, which are not now devoted to fruit culture. In building the spur track the Central road made a traverse many miles through old and new orchards in Houston county. Cars are now loaded on the spur track at the orchards and carried direct through to New York and other northern points at lightning speed.

The excursionists were taken to the end of the spur track, and in one hour after leaving Macon were in the midst of 300,000 trees of luscious fruit.

## Albough-Georgia Fair.

The spur track comes to an end at the farm of the Albough-Georgia Company. This is one farm of nine owned by the Ohio colony in Houston county. Each farm is controlled or owned by nine incorporated companies composed of Ohio people. Hon. N. H. Albough, of Tadmor, O., is president of four of these companies and secretary of three others. Mr. Albough is a member of the Georgia Fruit Growers' Association, with headquarters at Macon. He is chairman of the board of directors. He was formerly speaker of the Ohio house of representatives. He spends the peach season in his Houston peach farms. When the train with the northern excursionists rolled up to the Albough-Georgia farm Tuesday afternoon the visitors were given a hearty greeting by the rotund and genial gentleman, who was very courteous in showing them through his orchard. Mr. Albough has been growing fruit in Georgia several years, and is highly pleased with the results that have attended the investments of his companies so far, though he does not expect the yield from any of his orchards this year to be over a third of what it was last season. He says this decrease is due to the much dreaded curculio, the deadly enemy of the peach, whose ravages this year have been very severe. The trees themselves are vigorous and healthy as the curculio only hurts the fruit and not the trees.

Mr. Albough told me that the Ohio com-

pany Georgia farm, the excursionists were carried back to the farm and nursery of the Hale Georgia Orchard Company, and here they camped for the night, sleeping in comfortable beds in the cars.

## Plantation Melodies.

At the hospitable and modern home of President Hale, near by where the train "camped," an elegant supper was sumptuously served, consisting of the richest viands and choicest delicacies. President Hale, an ideal entertainer, with the assistance of Mrs. Lawrence, Mrs. Sperry and Mrs. Molunphy, three charming lady occupants of the house, the guests fared royally.

After the repast all repaired to the lawn in front of the house, and seating themselves comfortably in chairs, listened with delight to the singing of plantation melodies, and watched with enjoyment the dancing of the country "break-down" by a score of negroes, who had assembled for the very great kindness and courtesy shown them since they left New York. Peeling speeches were made by Messrs. Hubbard, Hobbs, McFarland, Hale and other gentlemen, to which President Comer happily and appropriately replied. The party then dispersed for the night, and had a most delightful slumber.

At 5 o'clock Wednesday morning the excursionists were astir, and soon they were riding in large wagons through the celebrated orchard of the Hale Georgia company inspecting and delighting in the large, fine trees laden with splendid fruit.

The curculio.

On no farm in the state is the yield so large and the fruit so excellent. The curculio has done no damage here, and doubtless this is the sole orchard in Georgia that has escaped the ravages of the worm. This escape was not due to accident, but to energetic and timely remedy, and intelligent and progressive application. The method Mr. Hale adopted to save his fruit

to secrete a kind of gum which escapes from the opening in which the egg was laid. The fruit usually falls about the time the grub is full grown, and it seeks the ground, in which it burrows, to emerge in about a month transformed into a beetle. The curculio attacks other fruits, as the apple, plum, cherry and nectarine, but prefers the plum to all others. Jarring the trees will cause the beetles to fall to the ground, feigning death. If a sheet be spread on the ground and the tree strongly jared many will be caught. This must be done early in the morning or late in the evening. By placing chips about the tree under which the curculios



J. H. HALE, President and General Manager Hale Georgia Orchard Company.

collect, many may be caught and killed. Throwing them into water to which a little kerosene has been added is the easiest way to kill them when caught.

Spraying plum trees with a solution of paris green (one pound to 100 gallons of water) or with Bordeaux mixture to which two ounces of paris green is added will kill many of the adult beetles, but spraying peach trees is not effective.

## Edgewood Fruit Farm.

The Edgewood fruit farm of the Hale Georgia Orchard Company, comprises 1,087 acres, as already stated. The hundred thousand trees in a solid block in this orchard—all which can be seen with one sweep of the eye from an "outlook" at the great central packing shed—is the largest block of peach trees in any orchard in the world. The trees are of the following varieties, which bear fruit during the latter half of June and most of July:

First comes the bright, rosy-checked Tillotson, sweet and delicious as it is beautiful. Next comes Crosby, the brightest, sweetest and richest yellow peach known, to be had only from the Hale nurseries. Then comes Lady Ingrid, a golden nugget of lusciousness, highly loved by Elberta, creamy white, with rosy cheeks, for those who prefer the white-fleshed varieties, while the Late Crawford rounds out the season near the end of July.

There are some seventeen miles of drive through the orchard. The principal avenue runs south and north every 500 feet, and cross streets every 1,000 feet, which divide the orchard up into blocks 500x1,000 feet, each containing 3,000 trees.

Avenues are named after the leading peach-growing states and the streets after leading horticulturists.

About thirty mules and horses and fifty men are employed throughout the year and

Mr. Albough did relative to the railroads. He said emphatically that he has no way to make on the railroads. They treat him justly and conservatively and give good service and rapid transportation for about a month transformed into a beetle. The curculio attacks other fruits, as the apple, plum, cherry and nectarine, but prefers the plum to all others. Jarring the trees will cause the beetles to fall to the ground, feigning death. If a sheet be spread on the ground and the tree strongly jared many will be caught. This must be done early in the morning or late in the evening. By placing chips about the tree under which the curculios

## The Georgia Association.

In pursuance of this idea relative to distribution, and so important has the peach industry of this state become, the growers have organized the Georgia Fruit Growers' Association, with headquarters at Macon. The preamble of the constitution of the association says:

"Fruit growing in Georgia having developed into one of the chief industries of the state, and experience having demonstrated fully to the fruit growers the impossibility of their receiving the full returns for their labor and invested capital while acting individually and separately, and recognizing the great benefits to be derived from a compact organization for co-operation and protection as has been demonstrated by the successful operation of like organizations in other fruit-growing states, the Georgia Fruit Growers' Association was organized in June, 1895."

The officers of the association are: John A. Cunningham, president, of Marietta, Ga.; L. A. Rumph, vice president, of Marshallville, Ga.; John A. Shibley, secretary, of Tifton, Ga.; W. O. Tift, treasurer, of Tifton, Ga.

The directors are: N. H. Albough, chairman, of Tadmor, O.; W. A. Brannon, secretary, of Moreland, Ga.; John D. Cunningham, of Marietta, Ga.; B. T. Moore, of Marshallville, Ga.; Dudley J. Hughes, of Danville, Ga.; W. T. Cope, of Columbus, Ga.; J. F. Wilson, of Foulton, Ga.; S. M. Wayman, of Fomona, Ga.; J. M. Smith, of Columbus, Ga.; E. A. Ross, shipping master, of Macon, Ga.

The association works in conjunction with the national association and has distributing agents at the principal points north, east and west.

Down at Rumph's.

The early morning drive Wednesday in wagons over the Edgewood farm gave the excursionists a fine appetite and they greatly enjoyed the delightful breakfast served them by Mr. Hale at his charming home, the Edgewood. The party boarded the train once again and started for Marshallville to view the great orchards of Mr. S. H. Rumph, who has been fully termed the peach king of Georgia. The Central's management, with its characteristic enterprise, has built a spur track from the main line at Marshallville out to the orchard of Mr. Rumph, and over this spur the train went direct to Mr. Rumph's beautiful place. He lives in a handsome home, near Marshallville. It is an ideal home, one of the best excursionists arrived there one was at home but Mr. Rumph, his family being absent on a visit. He received the party with that courtesy and hospitality for which the genial and cultured gentleman is so noted. He took great pleasure in showing the visitors his orchards of 60,000 fruit-bearing trees, and those which are not quite old enough to bear, making a total of 140,000 trees. These trees are planted on 800 acres.

Owing to the curculio Mr. Rumph will ship less than one-half as much fruit as he did last year. This season he thinks his shipments will not exceed twenty-five cars. Last year he shipped sixty cars. So far this season he has shipped six cars. Mr. Rumph thinks the prices of peaches will be about the same as last year, and there will be about only one-fourth of a crop.

In the cultivation of the peach, Mr. Rumph, like Hale and other large growers, uses all improved implements, and modern, wide-awake, intensive culture on an extensive plan is the rule. The best wagons are used. One special kind of wagon is so constructed that the hind wheels always follow in the track of the front ones. No matter how short a turn is made, the front wheels clear a tree the hind ones must and will.

Like others, Mr. Rumph has his crate factory, packing houses, etc. The growth of the peach industry in Houston and Macon counties has led to the establishment of crate and packing factories. The pay roll of the peach farms and kindred branches of the industry in the peach belt was one week in Fort Valley amounted to \$12,000. The fruit canned at this point is shipped to northern and eastern markets.

Elsewhere in this publication a review of Mr. Rumph as practically the pioneer in fruit culture in Georgia.

At Fort Valley, Marshallville and other points on the Southwestern and Central railroads excellent facilities for icing the refrigerator cars. The arrangement at Fort Valley and Marshallville is particularly good. The refrigerator cars are loaded by placing in it three tons of ice. Then when the car is loaded about four or five more tons are placed in the car, and the car is then started on its journey. En route, it is again iced.

From Marshallville the visitors went to Perry, Ga., to view the peach orchards. They were highly pleased with the productivity of the lands and the beauty of the growing crop. They were specially pleased with several thousand Japan plums were planted last year. These plums are raised from the same ground as the peach time—cotton and peaches. The cultivation which the cotton receives helps the peach trees, and the peach trees are not near enough to stunt the cotton.

Back to Macon.

From Perry the excursionists returned to Macon at 2:30 o'clock Wednesday afternoon. On their arrival they were tendered receptions at the chamber of commerce, Morrison Rogers, president, and at the Commercial Club. Then they were given a ride on the Macon and Indian Spring railway over the city. They were charmed with the beauty of Macon. They left Macon at 4:00 o'clock via the Central railway, to view the orchards at Griffin and see the country generally between Macon and Atlanta. On reaching Atlanta Wednesday night they were taken in charge by the Southern railway and carried back north. At the depot in Macon, just before leaving for Atlanta, Mr. Draper, on behalf of the visitors, delivered a short speech, expressive of their thanks to the Central railway authorities and the citizens of Macon for courtesies shown. President Comer, of the Central, made a fitting response. The visitors were delighted with their trip. Not a jar of any sort occurred to mar the pleasure of the journey. The Central and Southwestern railroads moved the party without a hitch or jolt. Their visit to the south will accomplish great good. They are factors in increasing the productivity of the soil of middle Georgia and establishing the largest and finest peach orchards in the world.

This section is unquestionably the "Paradise of the Peach."

A charming writer has said: "Nowhere else are there such peach orchards, and when one takes in hand a great ruddy-streaked, golden peach, wrapped in blushing velvet, tinted by the sun lavishly at the very tip of fall day, its rich flesh dripping with lusciousness, with that delicate and honey-tart flavor which belongs to all the other delicious things of life, as well the material as the meretricious one, it is a moment of luxury-loving moment, so that if Georgia has done no more for the world's pleasure, it has done enough for its own."

JOHN T. BOFFILL.

Are you weak and weary, overworked and tired? Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine you need to purify and quicken your blood and give you appetite, renewed health and strength.

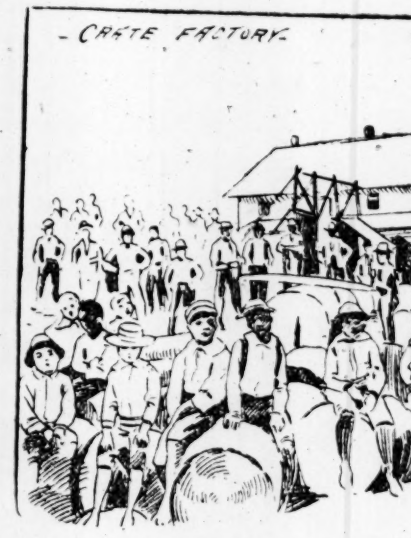
The action of Carter's Little Liver Pills is pleasant, mild and natural. They gently stimulate the liver, and regulate the bowels, but do not purge. They are sure to please. Try them.

THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION JR.

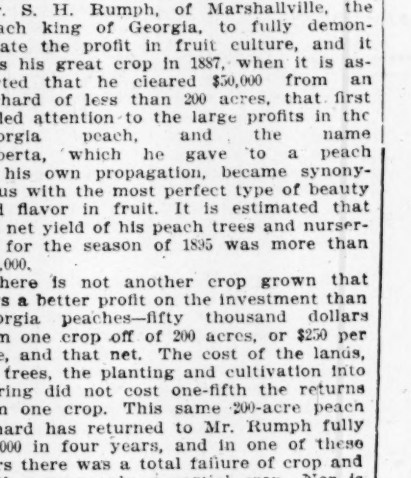
placed him in the position of a "peach king" in Georgia. He was highly respected and his orchards were the envy of all. He was a man of great wealth and influence, and his name was synonymous with the Georgia peach. He was a man of great energy and ambition, and he was determined to make his orchard the largest and finest in the world. He was a man of great success, and his name was known throughout the world. He was a man of great honor, and his name was respected by all. He was a man of great power, and his name was feared by all. He was a man of great wisdom, and his name was revered by all. He was a man of great courage, and his name was admired by all. He was a man of great kindness, and his name was loved by all. He was a man of great generosity, and his name was praised by all. He was a man of great faith, and his name was trusted by all. He was a man of great hope, and his name was cheered by all. He was a man of great love, and his name was cherished by all. He was a man of great peace, and his name was blessed by all. He was a man of great joy, and his name was sung by all. He was a man of great glory, and his name was proclaimed by all. He was a man of great honor, and his name was respected by all. He was a man of great power, and his name was feared by all. He was a man of great wisdom, and his name was revered by all. He was a man of great courage, and his name was admired by all. He was a man of great kindness, and his name was loved by all. He was a man of great generosity, and his name was praised by all. He was a man of great faith, and his name was trusted by all. He was a man of great hope, and his name was cheered by all. He was a man of great love, and his name was cherished by all. He was a man of great peace, and his name was blessed by all. He was a man of great joy, and his name was sung by all. He was a man of great glory, and his name was proclaimed by all.

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CRATE FACTORY.



PEELING PEACHES.



A SOURCE MILE OF PEACH TREES.



PEELING PEACHES.



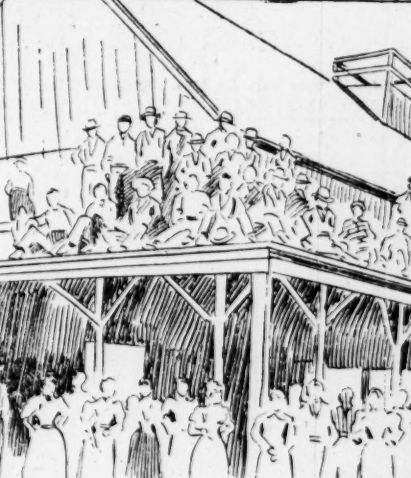
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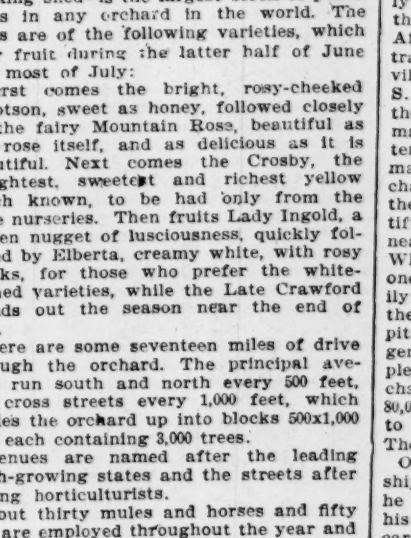
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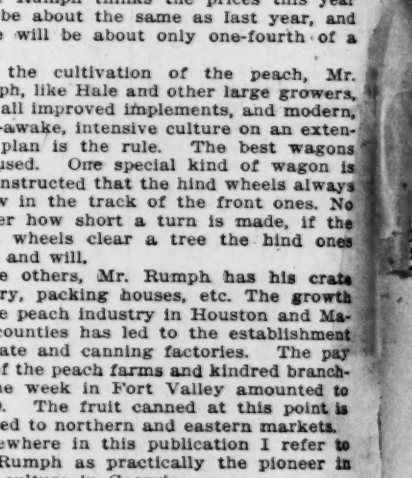
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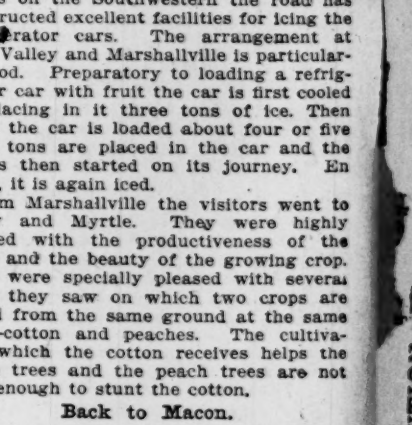
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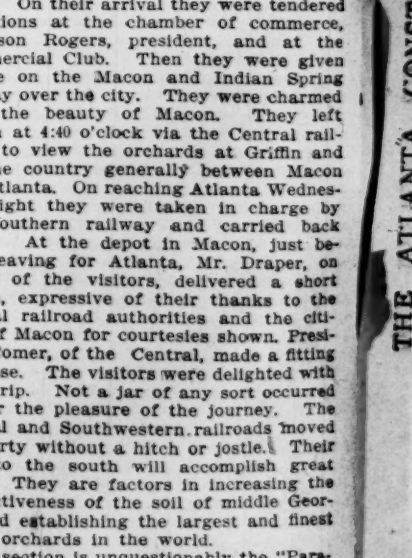
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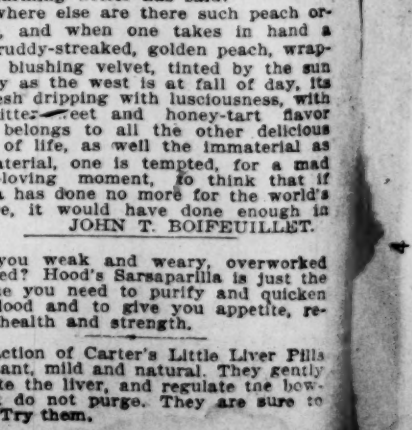
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## HOW SUNLIGHT IS MEASURED

Recording Temperature and Wind Velocity at Weather Observatories.

### THE SCIENCE OF WEATHER

Difference Between the Western Tornado and the Cyclone.

### CITIES ARE LIKELY TO BE VISITED BY THEM

Advantages of the Signal Service Forecasts to the World of Commerce and Agriculture.

The terrible destruction that recently laid waste St. Louis has caused the rest of the world to look about the fact that storms, earthquakes and other terrifying evidences of nature's power have been freely prophesied for the end of this century. It being said that the St. Louis tornado is but the forerunner of many calamities that are to come.

What is the danger of a tornado destroying New York, Boston, Philadelphia or any one of a dozen cities of the west? And, first of all, what is a tornado? Let it be understood that it is essentially different from a cyclone, which acts over a much larger area and inflicts far less injury. A cyclone is to a tornado what a herd of gnats is to a bee. It takes up more space, but its powers are far less deadly. And yet a tornado is always accompanied by a cyclone, forming on its outskirts usually, the direct cause being the rushing together of two air currents, the one very hot, the other very cold. Should the hot current be on top, no harm ensues; but when it is underneath and the conditions are just right, it forces its way up through the cold wind, forming a sort of chimney, whose draft increases with enormous whirling suction until the tornado is born, and then let all things beware that come within its path.

Fortunately this path is narrow, varying in width from fifty feet to two miles, whereas a cyclone will strike with varying force over an area of from 500 to 2,000 miles. The cyclone, like the tornado, moves with whirling motion, but there is no such strength in its clutch. Its advance being only from four to ten miles an hour, while the greatest speed does not usually exceed seventy or eighty miles an hour. The speed of a cyclone is about that of a swift railway train; the speed of a tornado has never been calculated—it is more like that of a cannon ball.

### Protection Against Tornadoes.

Now as to protection from these results of the air. Against cyclones people and cities need no special safeguard; the danger of loss of life or widespread destruction of buildings is small. Crops may suffer and shanty structures, and there may be fatalities now and then, but that is all. Against the tornado, however, stronger measures must be taken and better precautions than have so far been devised, if a series of horrors is to be averted.

The only thing that will really break the force of a tornado is a mountain range. When the black, funnel-shaped monster strikes a mountain, it cannot go through it and it is deflected upward, the currents that compose it becoming separated or finishing their struggle far above the earth, where they can do no harm. Had St. Louis been protected by a mountain range, the tornado that has become historic would have been turned aside and its destruction forestalled.

### The Rain Gauge.

The rain gauge is also connected with the observatory and consists, roughly speaking, of a pan resting on a sort of scale. As the rain falls into the pan, it depresses the pan, consequently the scale, and a circuit is closed which controls a tracing pen in the main office. The movement of which is rapid or slow according to the amount of water in the pan. The telegrapher, which measures the temperature, and the aneroid, and self-recording barometer, are also in this observatory, although they record in the main office.

### Operating the Apparatus in a Storm.

Naturally the greatest usefulness of all this apparatus is in the time of storms, and it is then that they are most liable to get out of order. It can easily be imagined that to repair or to replace any of the damaged instruments in the teeth of a furious gale, when the snow is driving like bullets, is not an easy task, yet it is a very common one. The man who performs all such missions is the most heroic of the weather bureau, and he is none other than Francis Long, who was one of the five men rescued with General Greely at Cape Sabine when the arctic circle, this sturdy, well-built fellow, with the keen blue eyes and honest, square features, has looked death in the face many times, for he was the hunter of the little party and many a time ventured out at the risk of his own life to capture a stray dog or watch for long hours a stray cat to catch a fish.

### After his return from the ill-fated expedition.

Long was given this post in the New York weather bureau and has settled down contentedly with his wife and family, but whenever a storm is predicted, he is called upon to repair the delicate apparatus entrusted to him, he never hesitates. In the terrible storm of February 8, 1886, the most severe storm for many years, the wind cups on the very top of

hour reports are received. Many people will be glad to know something of the appearance and daily routine of these meteorological stations for the maintenance of which nearly a million dollars a year is spent.

The New York weather bureau is located in a tower built on the top of the Manhattan Life Insurance building on lower Broadway, one of the modern "skyscrapers" eighteen stories in height. The tower itself is about twenty-five feet in diameter and some thirty-five feet high. There are four floors connected by a circular staircase, which goes up to the great lantern on the top of the tower from which signals of fair weather or four are flashed far out to sea. Here a force of eight men under the direction of Local Forecaster E. B. Dunn is constantly at work, receiving observations, making records, etc. The instruments themselves are all in a separate observatory about eighty-five feet high, which is also built on the roof near the main tower.

This observatory is a wrought iron structure very strongly bolted together to resist the pressure of storms, and the thermometers, barometers, etc., are contained in a sort of box, the sides of which are of latite work to allow too much air to circulate freely, the slats being tilted so as to exclude rain or snow. They are all self-registering and represent the very latest appliances of science, from the weather vane on top of the instruments which measure sunshine.

### How Sunshine is Measured.

This latter, by the way, is very interesting. It consists of a glass tube, some eight inches long, which is mounted on an arm at an oblique angle. The first end of it is filled with mercury and across its upper end passes a wire which is connected with a recording instrument in the main office. A ray of sunshine, falling on the mercury causes it to expand and crawl up toward the wire, and when it touches it, connection is made closing an electric circuit.

### Recording the Observations.

As these observations come in they are recorded on an outline map of the United States. Each station is represented by a small circle which is solid black when the weather is cloudy, which is simply outlined when the weather is fair, and in which is printed a small R when it rains. Then the lines of temperature are drawn in. These circles and outlines are copied on a plate of prepared chalk on which the lines are carefully cut out and a stereotyped is then cast from this chalk plate. From this stereotyped are printed copies on small outline maps of the United States, which are prepared at Washington and distributed to all the principal offices. The

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## IN HIS OLD AGE

Bill Arp Tells What an Old Man of Seventy Can Do.

### HE IS NURSING A GRANDCHILD

And Thinks That is Something Those of Three Score and Ten Can Do to Make Themselves Useful.

"How many miles to Milbyright? Three score and ten." Now, all over I have just passed my seventieth year on this mundane sphere. I can't keep that old refrain out of my mind. Three score and ten! It follows me about, and seems to say: "Your time is out, old gentleman. Every day you live now is dei gratia—a favor—an extra allowance that was not promised and is not deserved. So, be thankful and prudent; don't drink too much ice water this hot weather. A young man's majority is twenty-one, an old man's seventy. Twice he crosses the Rubicon, and he lives longer, and then comes another river—a darker one—and like Caesar he may say, 'Jacta est alea'—the die is cast."

I was ruminating about this seventy years—this magical sacred number that is man's allotted age. Seventy learned men translated the old testament 30 years before Christ, and seventy disciples were sent out by our missionaries to preach the gospel and establish His church. It was Moses who wrote that the days of our years shall be three score and ten, and yet he lived to be one hundred and twenty years—nearly twice the allotted age, and half of which was labor and sorrow—working with a vexatious and ungrateful poverty and a curious slow gradual decay of mind and body dropped down from nine hundred to one hundred and twenty in the ten generations that succeeded Noah; then it dropped to seventy in the days of our fathers, and there has been no change for 4,000 years. The long suffering of the Creator seems to have been appeased.

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The Rain Gauge. The rain gauge is also connected with the observatory and consists, roughly speaking, of a pan resting on a sort of scale. As the rain falls into the pan, it depresses the pan, consequently the scale, and a circuit is closed which controls a tracing pen in the main office. The movement of which is rapid or slow according to the amount of water in the pan. The telegrapher, which measures the temperature, and the aneroid, and self-recording barometer, are also in this observatory, although they record in the main office.

### Operating the Apparatus in a Storm.

Naturally the greatest usefulness of all this apparatus is in the time of storms, and it is then that they are most liable to get out of order. It can easily be imagined that to repair or to replace any of the damaged instruments in the teeth of a furious gale, when the snow is driving like bullets, is not an easy task, yet it is a very common one. The man who performs all such missions is the most heroic of the weather bureau, and he is none other than Francis Long, who was one of the five men rescued with General Greely at Cape Sabine when the arctic circle, this sturdy, well-built fellow, with the keen blue eyes and honest, square features, has looked death in the face many times, for he was the hunter of the little party and many a time ventured out at the risk of his own life to capture a stray dog or watch for long hours a stray cat to catch a fish.

### After his return from the ill-fated expedition.

Long was given this post in the New York weather bureau and has settled down contentedly with his wife and family, but whenever a storm is predicted, he is called upon to repair the delicate apparatus entrusted to him, he never hesitates. In the terrible storm of February 8, 1886, the most severe storm for many years, the wind cups on the very top of

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## IN HIS OLD AGE

Bill Arp Tells What an Old Man of Seventy Can Do.

### HE IS NURSING A GRANDCHILD

And Thinks That is Something Those of Three Score and Ten Can Do to Make Themselves Useful.

"How many miles to Milbyright? Three score and ten." Now, all over I have just passed my seventieth year on this mundane sphere. I can't keep that old refrain out of my mind. Three score and ten! It follows me about, and seems to say: "Your time is out, old gentleman. Every day you live now is dei gratia—a favor—an extra allowance that was not promised and is not deserved. So, be thankful and prudent; don't drink too much ice water this hot weather. A young man's majority is twenty-one, an old man's seventy. Twice he crosses the Rubicon, and he lives longer, and then comes another river—a darker one—and like Caesar he may say, 'Jacta est alea'—the die is cast."

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### The Rain Gauge.

The







# THE CONSTITUTION, JR.

DEVOTED TO THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT OF THE YOUNG READERS OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Supplement to  
The Constitution.

ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY, JULY 5, 1896.



BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

One of the strangest stories that I have heard in the course of my search for picturesque incidents of life in our southern mountain country, was told to me by Foster Grimes, an old man living not far from the foot of Mt. Yonah in Georgia. But the story itself was of North Carolina, at a time when Mr. Grimes was a boy about thirteen years old.

In those days the foothills not far from the Georgia line were thinly settled by ignorant, hardy, honest men, who made a scant living for their families by burning tar kilns of pitch pine, the brown and fragrant product of which was sold by the gallon in various distant markets.

Foster Grimes's father was a successful tarmaker, living in a comfortable cabin, and Foster, being the only son, very early learned to take care of the kilns. Whenever Mr. Grimes went to market with an ox-wain load of tar in its grimy barrels Foster was left in charge of the business at home. He was a brave, honest and efficient lad, well worthy of being trusted. Still he had his faults, one of which was an almost irresistible liking for dangerous adventures. No tree was too tall for him to climb, no stream too deep for him to bathe in, no mountain cave could be so swarming with snakes and vermin that he would not dare to explore it.

As was to be expected, various accidents befell the boy in the course of his daring and often almost desperate ventures. Mr. Grimes scolded in vain; he even used the rod vigorously upon the back of Foster; but there came at last a perfect cure for this evil, and the lad never afterwards felt inclined to take unnecessary and foolish risks of his life. Here, in a few words, is the story of how it happened:

One day, during his father's absence, and while his mother and sisters were down beside a brook washing clothes, Foster grew tired of sitting by the tar kiln and felt coming over him the desire to do something dangerous. Presently he thought of a dry well which he had often secretly planned to explore. It was forty feet deep. His father had dug it down to the rock and not finding water had abandoned it, simply guarding its mouth with some logs thrown across.

No sooner thought than begun, the fascinating adventure filled the boy's imagination completely. He went and looked, to be sure that his mother and sisters were far down the stream, washing, then in a great hurry he rolled away the logs and made ready to descend into the deep, dark hole, which had never been walled, but was left with its sides of stiff earth furnished with shallow footholds from top to bottom. The method of descent was simple to one who understood it. Swinging down, you placed your feet in opposite indentations and by alternate steps went down from hold to hold, meantime bracing yourself with your hands, which occupied the holds abandoned by the feet.

When Foster began throwing aside the heap of logs which covered the mouth of the well, he saw something shine strangely between two of the half-rotten pieces. It was but a dull, momentary gleam, yellowish in luster, like smoldering fire, yet something in it sent a quick chill up the boy's spine, and then a peculiar heavy thump came up from the well's bottom. Foster knew that what he had seen shining had fallen clear down. Of course, there was nothing extraordinary in this little incident; but some reason it affected the boy's mind, he knew not why; and he had heard, or fancied it, a short, keen, whizzing noise just as the gleaming object dropped out of sight.

Nevertheless Foster scarcely hesitated, but boldly swung himself down into the well and set his feet firmly in the cavities on either side. It was now nearly noon; the sky was clear and the weather was as hot as midsummer could make it, yet a cool, dampish waft seemed to pass up out of the dusky hole. It was like a breath from some clammy monster lying deep in the ground awaiting to swallow him.

Foster descended slowly. His legs were too short to reach easily from side to side of the well; but the worst difficulty at first was want of light. After a short while,

however, his eyes adjusted themselves to the gloom, and as the sun was nearly overhead it was not as dark as at first appeared. So down, down he went, step by step, the coolness and dampness increasing until he had nearly reached the bottom.

Then suddenly two unpleasant things happened all at once. One of the steps gave way under his foot and at the same instant, right under him something began to whiz and sing. With a start of horror he recognized the noise; it was the warning whirr of a rattlesnake's tail. Instinctively he clutched the walls of the well and strained to hold his place; but the fright made him weak and the giving way of the step left one foot without a support. Of course he looked down, and through the dull twilight saw just below him on the bottom a huge coiling body gleaming yellowish as it squirmed and increased the noise of its rattles.

Then with desperate energy he tried to mount; but partly on account of fright and more owing to a lack of sufficient foot-

hold, he found himself helpless. The snake, doubtless hurt by its fall from the logs above, was mad, and was striking upward with vicious force. The least slip on Foster's part would let him down within reach of those terrible fangs. His heart pounded his ribs.

Many a big rattlesnake had Foster killed, and under ordinary circumstances the sight or sound of one would have made no impression upon him. Now it was quite different. He could not climb, try as he would, and to fall was certain death. The mere thought of his situation was enough to unnerve him; but with true grit he clung to his position.

At first he did not think of calling for help, and when at last he found voice the cry rang flat and seemed to stop before it could reach the mouth of the well. Again and again he screamed lustily, each time trying harder to fling his voice above ground. The snake grew more furious, striking faster and faster and the odor of its venomous mouth was strangely repulsive. Foster felt that his end was near; but, like all truly brave persons, he was determined to live as long as possible.

His elbows ached under the strain of holding up, and his knees were enduring a like torture. A few minutes longer he could bear it, and then down he must go. How he did shriek and yell and bawl for help! Meantime the furious rattlesnake had found out just where he was and was making frantic efforts to reach him. It was a huge thing, fully seven feet long, with a clumsy body and wide jaws; but it displayed surprising activity and address. Every blow seemed to come nearer and

nearer to Foster's bare feet, yet he could not snatch them away.

Strangely enough in the midst of this danger Foster could not help remembering how often his father had warned him against attempting to do foolishly risky things, like climbing high trees and going into dark mountain caves. At this moment he felt that if he were once more safe out in the sunlight on solid ground nothing could ever tempt him to make another venture into a dangerous place. And while he was thinking he kept up his strenuous yelling; but who could hear him?

Suddenly all was dark; the well no longer caught a gleam from the sky. Foster's heart almost quit beating. He heard a scuffling sound above him, as of some large body descending. Still he yelled for help.

"Now I've got ye safe," growled a heavy voice in his ear, and at the same time a horny hand clutched firmly the collar of his jacket.

Immediately a rope was tied hard and fast under his arms. Presently he began to ascend, and at last he was snatched out upon the ground into the full blaze of the sun. A neighbor, who had come to borrow a clevis of Mr. Grimes, hearing Foster's cries, had saved him.

"Never," said the old man to me, "have I, since that air day, ever tried no 'speriments wi' 'ble wells an' sich."

## Lassoing Requires Skill.

"I lost that thumb by knowing too much," said the old stockman, in answer to a query. "I was nothing but a tenderfoot, but I thought because I could rope a calf in a corral that I could do anything any one else could."

"The first day that I went out with my rawhide riatta on my saddle some of the



ABOVE GROUND ONCE MORE.

men commenced trying to tell me how to rope a steer, and how to take a turn around the horn of the saddle with the riatta when I wanted to hold him, but I told them I guessed I knew how to do it, and I'm a thumb shy in consequence.

"I chucked the rope on a steer as he was running and quickly wound the riatta around the horn of the saddle. There was a jerk, the steer went down, and my thumb was crushed to a pulp. I had, in taking a turn with the riatta around the horn, unwittingly got my thumb between the rope and the pommel. When it tightened I lost my thumb."

"When a cowboy holds a loop in his right hand, ready to throw, his thumb is pointed towards him. After the throw it is natural for him to let the riatta slide through his hand from his little finger towards his thumb, but if he attempts to wind it around the saddle horn in that way it is ten to one that he will get his thumb tangled up, as I did. After the throw he has to let go the riatta entirely, seize it again, and as he winds it around the saddle horn let it slip through his hand from his thumb toward his little finger. Just recollect that and it may save you a thumb."

## In the Upper Berth.

From Youth's Companion.  
A little four-year-old occupied an upper berth in a sleeping-car. Awakening once in the middle of the night, his mother asked him if he knew where he was. "Tourse I do," he replied. "I am in the top drawer."

## A HAUNTED HOUSE.

About two weeks ago, in company with several others, I had a very strange experience in that beautiful expanse of woods surrounding the thriving little village of Hapeville. Dame nature has clad this favored section in a vari-colored garment of her brightest summer hues, and when the king of day sends forth his glorious luster from behind the clouds of royal purple and gold the scene presented rivals the mysterious realms of the fabled Elysium and inspires the poet with a song of never-ending melody. I say flowers, green grasses, lofty oaks, picturesque valleys and hills are always ready to lull the true lover of nature into dreams of supreme beauty and the greatest glory. As we casually proceeded along a deserted path their exquisite coquettishness of nature could not fail to impress upon our minds their loveliness, and not being able to resist these charms, we continued our walk until the silvery moon at last cast her soft rays upon the scene. But suddenly the forest ended; we walked into a spot where the trees had been felled and in their places weeds and rank plants flourished in great abundance. Rabbits would continually scurry from our path, and when at last we stopped a scene of utmost desolation met our astonished gaze. A house of two stories, the timbers of which were blackened and decayed by age, was standing with silent majesty under the deep shade of the sentinel trees. The windows of the upper story were broken, with the exception of one room, were those of the lower story. The two windows which were not broken reflected the outside scene by the ghostly light of the moon as imperfect mirrors and our wonder was soon aroused by this peculiar circumstance. As we gazed, spell-bound, a slight tapping sound was quite audible, and imagine, if you can, our transfixed astonishment when this broke into a continuous shuffle of feet. Through the window pane ghostly figures clad in white swayed and turned and we soon perceived that it was nothing more or less than a ghost dance! The figures of the dance were all in the style of long ago and for a time we forgot the weirdness of the scene and became highly interested. In the midst of the dance all sounds were hushed and the report of a pistol rang out clear on the night air. This was followed by a number of shots and screams and as time passed the din grew louder. However, we did not wait long to see the conclusion, but fled with all possible speed until the lofty spires of Hapeville once more surrounded us.

Jay Youngblood.

## The Evil Eye.

It was once firmly believed that the glances of certain persons falling on people and animals were disastrous and among the ignorant preventive measures were taken. Among them was the wearing of charms and amulets and the decorating of favorite animals with the same.

In England the superstition has pretty well died out, but the charms and amulets are still worn because they are thought to be lucky. A brass ornament obtainable at any saddler's is much used for the decoration of horses' headgear and belongs to these preventive charms.

A crescent represents a half moon and a circle the sun and in by-gone days these two symbols had great effect in withstanding the influence of the evil eye.

Not long ago a farmer in the west of England consulted the witch doctors about the illness of his cattle, which refused to yield to treatment. He was told that this was because the horseshoes affixed to the farm buildings were arranged to point downward instead of up. He reversed the horseshoes and, strange to say, the cattle recovered.

In Italy pagan traditions are still in lively existence. The street horses in Naples are protected by dozens of bells and symbols. The bells are used to attract the ear and distract the attention of the dreaded eye. Italian children have charms to play with and the wearing of amulets is common.

## In a Flat Building.

A little girl, who is now enjoying her first experience in living in a block, thus described it in a letter to another child: "This is a very queer place. Next door is fastened on our house."

USED UP.





# Mickey Finn's Flower.

"Want To Put It Around the Sugar Bowl In the Morning"

Bridget Finn was passionately fond of flowers. In the summer her lattice of morning glories, over the kitchen door, was at once the most kaleidoscopic floral exhibit in the hamlet, and the envy of the neighbors. Her hollyhocks shone with more vivid crimson color than those of her rival, and her mignonette emitted a more delicate perfume. Even in the winter, a pretty sweetbrier bush, with prodigal liberality, wasted its honeyed sweetness in a vain combat with boiling cabbage. A drooping lily of the valley chimed its voiceless tones in the sheltered corner of the kitchen, where the western sun lent a touch of warmth to the pallor of its bells. But, as the snow beat upon the window panes, like fine shot, Bridget realized with a sigh that garrulous March was still mistress of the garden and meadow, and that April's warm tears, pregnant with rejuvenation, would have to fall freely before the blusterer would loosen his grip of ice.

Bridget was born on Easter day. It had been her custom for years to decorate her table on her birthday with flowers nurtured by herself, together with a wild plant dug from the woods by her son, Mickey.

## Bridget's Lament.

"Sorrah Easter day 'twill be this year," she muttered, as a vicious blast laden with snow, came down the chimney into the fireplace, scattering sparks over the kitchen floor. "Faith, Mickey wouldn't get hide nor hair of a green thing in the woods this year, saving a hemlock branch. Divil's the flower he'd get to 'mind me of the dear little shamrock."

Then she sat down before the open fireplace, threw another log on the glowing embers and mused on the vale of Glenmore in Ireland, where the grass was as green in February as it is in Kentucky in July, and crooned to herself:

There's a dear little plant that grows in our isle,  
And St. Patrick himself sure has blest it,  
And with dew from his eye often wet it;  
It grows in the bog, in the mire, in the moorland,  
And they call it the sweet little shamrock of Ireland.

And while she wandered in fancy through the vale of Glenmore, and listened to the luting of the chaffinches and linnets, the storm raged around the shanty, with icy malignity, and the flakes added with gentle, silent, persistence to the depths of the white carpet covering the green things under the pine needles.

It was 3 o'clock on the afternoon before Easter, when the boys burst out of the school house door in the storm. There were no tender memories of bygone years for them, the only retrospection being of a dingy, overheated room, where tasks, of which they could see no possible use, were thrust upon them with judicial severity. With cold-like vigor they reveled in the storm, laughter filled the air, and the cheeks paled by confinement grew vivid and rosy with quickening life. And, as little Mike blundered in upon his mother, buoyant with vitality and covered with snow, and fell upon his knees beside her, he looked up and saw that her cheeks were wet.

## Mickey the Comforter.

"Arrah! mother dear," he said, with tender solicitude, "an' what's achin' ye? Is yer heart sore? Shure, allana, ye you



His horses shied at the figure in the road.

ought not to be cryin'. Tomorrow's your birthday, acushla, an' yer only thirty-five years old, an' the light is in yer eye an' the blush is in yer cheek, an' the rent is paid, an'—"

"Thru for ye, Mickey," interrupted his mother, wiping her eyes with her apron, "but I was thinkin' of the flowers in the vale o' Glenmore, an' the shamrocks, an' shure I have no fresh wild thing from the woods to mind me of the time when I was young an' sweet like you, Mickey, darlint, an' I'm that heavy hearted, I dunno what to do at all, at all. But don't tell your father, Mickey."

Mickey promised, and, after cheering his mother into a more cheerful frame of mind, he went out to feed the nannigoat. Mrs. Finn did not notice that he had hidden the coal shovel under his coat. It was 4 o'clock when the door closed behind the boy. Twilight was rapidly mantling the valley with shadows. If Bridget had raised her head and looked out of the window she would have seen her boy running down the Old Point road with race-horse speed.

But her view of him would have been brief, for he quickly ran out of sight of the shanty and disappeared in the perspective of eddying snowflakes. He made fair progress in the roadway where the track had been broken by passing teams, but when he turned into the wood where the road dipped toward the river, his progress was slower. The majesty of the tall pines awed him a little, and their heart-quaking tones chilled his enthusiasm, as he floundered along through the snow. Now he crossed a little oasis of pine needles where the keen wind had shoveled away the snow, and again he struggled through drifts waist high. But, although he was chilled to the marrow by the razor-like wind, his courage never left him. And as



IT'S A YANKEE SHAMROCK, MOTHER.

the shadows deepened, he muttered between his clenched teeth:

## Finding the Arbutus.

"I know where they are! By the big rock where the violets grow! I'll twist them around the sugar bowl in the mornin' before she gets up. She'll forget the shamrock when she sees them."

Oh, glorious hope, bourgeoned with promise! O, magician love, conjuror of joy! The lights had begun to twinkle in the windows of the valley when Mickey emerged into the hollow he was in search of. He was skilled in the mysteries of the woods. Many a summer afternoon had he passed in the little hollow where he now stood. Then the air was heavy with the perfume of wild honeysuckle and odoriferous with the balsam of the pines. Now, snow two-feet deep covered it like a blanket. There was no hesitation, however, in his manner, as he began digging in the snow with the coal shovel. He dug a trench one foot wide across the most sheltered part of the hollow. His trench was nearly six feet long, when his eye caught the faint glimmer of green through the dead leaves at the bottom. Stopping down, with trembling eagerness, he plucked a leaf and holding it up against the sky chuckled with delight as he muttered:

"I have it! I have it! Shure mother will be crazy wid joy whin she sees it!"

## An April Storm.

It was only 6 o'clock when he started. But one mile and one half lay between him and the warm kitchen—a quiet stroll in summer when the bees were humming and the catbirds gossiping—but on an April night, when the storm wrack was hurtling, the air heavy with biting sleet, and the wind beating like a flail, it made the boy's heart quake and his teeth chatter like castanets. The ghosts of past venal sins arose before him as he struggled through the snow, repeating his aves, and adding:

"Oh, Holy Mary, let me out o' this for me mother's sake! I want to put it around the sugar bowl agin' the mornin'!"

placed him in the arms of his mother. When the little fellow opened his eyes he was dazed by the light, and he muttered:

"I want to put it around—"

"Yis, yis," said his mother, in a passion of yearning fondness as she hugged him to her bosom, "so ye shall, acushla. Bring the sugar bowl, Mike! But what is it ye want to twist around the sugar bowl, Mickey?"

"Give him this, first, Mrs. Finn," said the doctor, as he poured a tablespoonful of brandy down the partially unconscious boy's throat. He gasped as the strong liquor rippled over his palate. Then he sat upright.

"And now will ye tell me what y'ewant wid the sugar bowl, Mickey, darlint?" said his mother, anxiously.

"I will, mother; bring me jacket," said the boy.

They brought the garment, still wet with melted snow. He thrust his swollen fingers into the pocket and drew out a faded bandanna handkerchief. As he unfolded it there fell upon the floor a long, slender root, to which at intervals was attached a sickly green leaf.

His mother picked it up and with a puzzled look exclaimed:

"But what it is, Mickey?"

"It's a Yankee shamrock, mither. Some o' thim calls it a trillin' arbutus. And I want to put it around the sugar bowl agin' the mornin', for your birthday, mother."

## US FOUR.

An Incident of General Grant's Trip Around the World.

BY GUY M. WALKER.

In the summer of 1879 General Grant was in China on his trip around the world. His visits from city to city were looked forward to by all the foreign residents, but to none did more importance attach to his coming than to the American missionaries so long absent from their native land.

There was in the city of Peking a little band of these missionary children, whose numerous pranks had caused them to become familiarly known among the American residents as "Us Four." It was composed of two pairs of brothers with only two years difference between the ages of oldest and youngest of the four. Two of them had been born in America and from that fact considered themselves much more important than their less fortunate comrades, who had never seen the land that they claimed as their own, though one of them had literally been born under the flag, for in the hour of his nativity his father had with patriotic instinct spread the stars and stripes above.

They were true Americans, however, and in the breast of each one of "us four" there burned a sturdy patriotism. It had frequently devolved upon them in their numerous arguments with missionary children of other nationalities to demonstrate oftentimes with force of arms the superiority of America and Americans over the balance of the universe, until the youthful part of the community had been pretty well convinced. When they heard of Grant's coming visit to Peking, their four little heads were seen together in frequent consultation, for they, too, were determined in some way to give the general some token of special welcome. But their plans were kept secret, although each of them suddenly announced at home that he must have a flag. This was no small request, for flags could not be got and there was but a single one in the mission. Several ladies, however, joined hands to gratify their wish. Bunting was bought and after several days to each one of "us four" a flag was presented.

One day the word was given that Grant's procession was in sight of the city and a large number of missionaries living within easy distance of the city wall, went up on the wall to watch the cavalcade come in.

There was to be no demonstration at Grant's entry into the city, for with the methods of travel in vogue then, no one could tell when it would occur. But this was the opportunity of "us four" and along the steep incline ascending the Peking city wall that day, they trudged, each one with his priceless treasure rolled up under his arm.

It was a momentous occasion in their young lives; they were going to offer their tribute to the greatest of living warriors, whose greatness indeed over all others, and especially over all English warriors, they had often proved with their own sturdy little arms until none of their companions dared to dispute it.

The boys planted themselves above the arch of the great inner gate, for in entering the Tartar city you must always pass through two gates, the inner gate being protected by a semi-circular wall, which is pierced by other gates. Here "us four" waited until they learned from the others that the procession had entered the outer gates, then unfurling their flags they hid them behind the parapet until the great imperial chair, borne by eight carriers, in which the general rode, came through the outer gate and entered the space within the semi-circular wall. Then drawing their tiny flags they waved them vigorously, shouting at the top of their voices, "Hurrah for General Grant!"

The general heard and glancing out of his sedan chair up at the great bare wall over the inner gate toward which the carriers were rapidly bearing him, he saw the four small boys with their flags and with a wave of his hand he passed into the gate and out of their sight.

The general had just entered the ancient capital of the oldest empire in the world and though borne through its gates in an imperial chair, there was not a sign of welcome. Not a cheer nor a flock of color displayed in anticipation of his coming. The great hurrying masses whom he passed scarcely raised their eyes in inquiry. Here at last he had found a people among whom his name and fame were unknown. The striking contrast of this entry with those of his into other capitals must have been noticed by the general and it is not strange that he felt touched by the sight of those little flags and the sound of those childish cheers, for they were his sole welcome as he passed into the great capital of China.

After arriving at the American legation he inquired of Secretary Holcomb who his youthful salutors were and on being told he expressed the desire to meet them.

Mr. Holcomb sent word to the boys and designated the time at which General Grant would receive them.

At the appointed time they presented themselves at the legation under the care of the father of one of the pairs. Prince King was just leaving from his memorable call on General Grant.

The general received the boys in the private parlors of the legation and taking each one of them by the hand he introduced them to Mrs. Grant. There was no one present and the general gathered those four boys around him and told them how touched he felt by their welcome and the sight of their little flags; how pleased he was to find them so full of fervor and patriotism although living in a heathen land so far away from home. The boys sat in wonder as the soldier told them how proud they should be of their country and closed with an exhortation for each one to prove himself a worthy American and to never do ought to disgrace his country.

Shaking hands with his guests at the end the general said, "Well, boys, if I ever write a book of my travels, I shall mention in it your welcome to me at the gates of Peking." And no prouder boys ever went from the presence of greatness than "us four" on that day.

## Curious Birds.

Africa has, perhaps, more queer birds than any other country. The weaver bird is one. It is possessed of a long bill, which makes it very adept at constructing a hanging ball of grass, which is its home, and swings rarely out of reach of marauding animals. These nests are usually in colonies and hang on trees in marshes. The weaver birds make cute pets and if given cord or twine will hang onto the bars of their cages with their strong claws and with their bills weave the thread among the bars in intricate pattern impossible to unravel.

The bee eater is another curiosity. It has a scarlet throat and is gorgeous in appearance, a flock of them being dazzling to the eye. The birds nest along the river banks in holes. The nests are in colonies about three feet apart, six feet above the river banks and are at the end of a tunnel excavated to a depth of some four feet.

The "rain doctor," or hammerkop, has a peculiarity of screaming aloud before a rainstorm. It makes a good barometer. It is also called a philosopher. It will walk back and forth for hours, occasionally shaking its head, but not uttering a sound. Often its walk will change to a mad dance caused by the arrival of its mate, who has been building the curious nest of the pair. These nests are of mud built into the forks of trees and are about two feet high and nine feet around. A nest is really a rain-proof hut, so well built that it will last for years. The walls are five inches thick and the entrance from six to eight inches square.

## A Tree of Iron.

At the meeting of the Academy of Natural Science of Philadelphia, Professor Oscar C. S. Carter, of the Boys' Central High school, was the principal speaker. In his address he referred to a so-called iron tree, which was discovered about one mile from Three Tuns, Montgomery county, Pennsylvania, imbedded in a sandstone quarry, about ten feet below the surface. The tree is about eighteen feet long, and the trunk is about eight inches in diameter. It has been completely turned to iron and is composed mostly of brown hematite, an iron ore. A portion of the tree is of imperfect lignite, which greatly resembles charcoal. No doubt exists among scientists that the article referred to was a real tree, because knots were found, many of which had also turned to iron.



## THE CONSTITUTION, JR.

PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY.

FOR THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT OF THE  
YOUNG READERS OF THE CONSTITUTION.Sent Free, as a Supplement, to the Readers  
of the Daily Constitution.All Letters and Communications Intended  
for this Issue Must be Addressed to The  
Constitution, Jr.

ATLANTA, GA., July 5, 1896.

## Chinese Children.

Since nearly 5,000 years ago the Chinese are known to have irrigated their lands for agricultural purposes. Small plots of land about a third as large as an acre are made level and ditches put through and around them in such a way that after the land has absorbed as much water as is needed it will flow on to the next plot, which is some inches lower than the first one. These strips of uneven land are to be seen throughout the great plain of China.

The most common way of obtaining water for irrigation is to raise it by manual labor from the rivers and creeks. Two children are placed on the bank holding the ends of a rope about ten feet long, to the middle of which is attached a large bucket. This is lowered into the water and with a horizontal pull at each end of the rope the bucket is raised to the tank and emptied. Two girls will in this manner raise from sixty to eighty gallons a minute.

From morning till night, these children may be found toiling in the dry season to keep the irrigating tanks filled. If windmills were used all this unnecessary labor would be done away with. There are no power mills for grinding grain in the country and all the flour is made by girls who work a primitive grindstone.

## When the Moon Was Near.

There are those who believe that the earth was originally a ring shot off by the sun, and that the moon was in turn thrown off from the white-hot mass at that time composing our "mundane sphere," says The St. Louis Republic. At present our satellite is 240,000 miles away from its parent earth, but there was a time when it performed its periodical revolutions around this globe at a distance not more than one-sixth as great as the present, or, say, something like 40,000 miles away. Hydrographers and astronomers argue from this that there was a time when the Atlantic tides were 640 feet high. Such tides would daily cover the entire Mississippi and Ohio valleys, connect the gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic with the great lakes and drown all eastern North America.

## Are Plants Intelligent.

From Harper's Round Table.

Have plants intelligence? Do they ever think? These are interesting questions that would have to be answered by the statement of an observer of the ways of pumpkins and melons. Says he: "Plants often exhibit something very much like intelligence. If a bucket of water, during a dry season, be placed a few inches from a growing pumpkin or melon vine, the latter will turn from its course, and in a day or two will get one of its leaves in the water."

We do not vouch for the truth of this, but if there be any young gardeners among our readers it might make an interesting experiment next summer, when they are pursuing their avocation.

## A Thieving Dog.

Pointer dogs can always be trained to steal. Many of them are natural thieves without training, and any of the species can be taught. There is a dog of this kind in northwest Washington. He will pick up anything he can find around a yard or outside of a store, but his specialty is ladies' pocketbooks and handbags. When he sees one of these, he grabs it and runs, always succeeding in getting out of sight before he can be captured or followed. No owner has ever been seen, hence no complaints have been made at police headquarters, but there is but little doubt, if it were possible to follow the animal, that it would be found that he has been carefully trained as a purse snatcher and that he takes his booty home to his master. He seems to be aware that he is doing wrong, jumping fences and dodging around houses when running away.

## The Junior Poets.

The following little poem was written by Mona Dugas at the age of thirteen. It was written in 1894:

"When the evening shadows go,  
And the evening winds doth blow;  
When the mermaids in the deep  
Sing and comb their hair and sleep;  
When the sea gull on the wing  
Homeward to its young doth sing,  
When the ships upon the deep  
On the bosom of the waves doth sleep.

Then the angels overhead  
Spread their wide wings o'er the brave  
And with their star-like eyes they send  
Light into our world of sin;  
Guard our ships upon the deep,  
Keep the ships on the steep;  
Everywhere they send us peace,  
Keep us in a peaceful sleep."

The following is by little Miss Mabel Frank:

## I Got One.

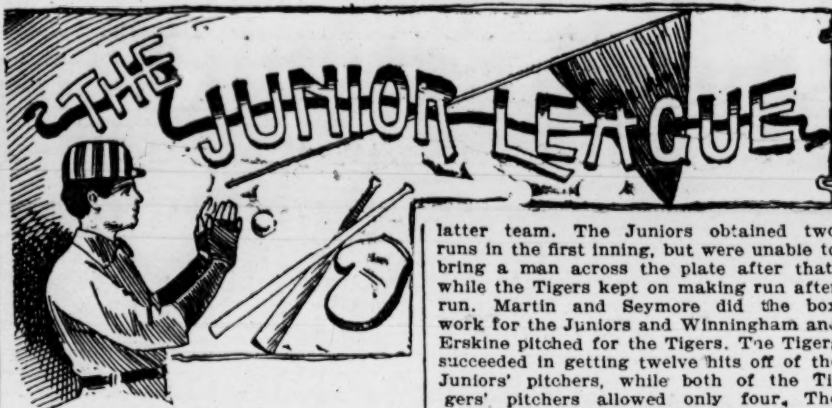
I got one at last,  
Oh, isn't it funny,  
After waiting and longing,  
I got a little Bunny.

Its eyes are pink  
And its fur is white;  
To sit and watch it  
Is my greatest delight.

There are four little rabbits,  
And four girls, too;  
So at once I decided  
What I would do.

I thought with my sisters  
I'd share my fun,  
So I picked out mine  
And gave them each one.

## THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION, JR.



## Standing of the Junior League.

Clubs.	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Pr.	Ct.
South Side Tigers..13	11	2	9	2	.846
West Atlanta Grays..11	9	2	7	1	.818
Atlanta Juniors..13	10	3	7	0	.769
Opera House Clippers 3	3	2	1	0	.667
West End..13	6	7	7	0	.462
Crescents..1	1	0	1	0	.000

## LITTLE DIVISION.

Clubs.	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Pr.	Ct.
Rock Hills..7	7	0	7	0	.000
Tigers Juniors..9	9	0	9	0	.000
Prior Street Juniors..9	8	1	7	0	.888
West End Crescents..6	5	1	4	0	.833
Boulevard Sluggers..8	6	2	4	0	.750
Ponce de Leon Stars..4	3	1	2	0	.750
Forrest Avenue Stars..5	3	2	1	0	.400
Atlanta Bantams..8	3	3	5	0	.375

## Schedule for This Week.

The following schedule will be in effect this week. The teams will alternate on each others grounds:

South Side Tigers against West Atlanta Grays, Tigers' grounds.  
Crescents against Opera House Clippers, on Clippers' grounds—Grant park.  
West End against North Side Vectors, on West End's grounds.

## LITTLE DIVISION.

Tigers Junior against Rock Hills, on Rock Hills' grounds.

West End Crescents against Buttermilks, on Buttermilks' grounds—corner North avenue and Cherry streets.

Boulevard Sluggers against Humming Birds, on Humming Birds' grounds—corner



GUY MYERS.  
One of the Opera House Clippers' Best Players.

ner Haynes and Thurmond streets.

South Side Blues against Bantams, on Bantams' grounds—corner Williams and Hunnicutt streets.

Atlanta Bantams against Ponce de Leon Stars, on latter's grounds—corner Fort and East Baker streets.

The first game will be played on Wednesday, unless otherwise agreed by the opposing teams, and it will be played on the grounds designated in the schedule. The second game, on Saturday, will be played on the other team's grounds, thus alternating from one team's grounds to the other's.

## South Side Tigers vs. North Atlantas.

The Tigers took both games from the North Atlantas. They obtained the first one by a score of 9 to 0, because of the non-appearance of that team. The second game was played on the Tech grounds, and resulted in the defeat of the representatives of the north side, the score standing 10 to 8 in favor of the Tigers. Hutchinson started in to pitch for the North Atlantas, but was replaced in the sixth by Simmons. Winningham pitched the entire game for the Tigers. The game was a close one, as is seen by the score, but there were no special features and neither side obtained many hits. The score by innings was as follows:

North Atlantas..0 2 0 1 0 0 3 0 2-8  
S. S. Tigers..0 1 2 1 0 0 4 2 2-10  
Batteries—Hutchinson, Simmons and Brown; Winningham and Taftite. Umpire, Mr. Bowen.

The South Side Tigers is now composed of the following players: Taftite, catcher; Winningham, pitcher; Mauck, first base; Barnes, second base; Gatins, third base; Osborn, shortstop; Case, left field; Carroll, center field; Everett, right field. Substitutes, Butts, Everett and Magill.

The Tigers defeated the Wildcats Tuesday by a score of 20 to 13. The chief features of the game were the heavy hitting of the Tigers and a catch of a difficult fly ball by Burnstead, of the Wildcats. The Tigers batted out many singles and two-baggers and Taftite succeeded in getting a home run. The ball was also frequently hit by the Wildcats. Winningham and Erskine pitched for the Tigers and Burnstead for the Wildcats. This was not a league game.

The North Side Eagles did not show up Tuesday morning and the game was given to the Tigers.

## South Side Tigers vs. Atlanta Juniors.

The game played Saturday morning between the Atlanta Juniors and the Tigers resulted in a complete walkover for the

latter team. The Juniors obtained two runs in the first inning, but were unable to bring a man across the plate after that, while the Tigers kept on making run after run. Martin and Seymour did the box work for the Juniors and Winningham and Erskine pitched for the Tigers. The Tigers succeeded in getting twelve hits off of the Juniors' pitchers, while both of the Tigers' pitchers allowed only four. The feature of the game was undoubtedly the batting of the Tigers. There were only seven innings played, as both teams agreed that the game should end there. The score was:

Tigers..3 0 7 0 0 2 9-21 12  
Atlanta Juniors..2 0 0 0 0 0 0-2 4  
Batteries—Winningham, Erskine and Taftite; Martin, Seymour and Classet. Umpire, Mr. Brooks.

Erskine has signed with the Tigers. He is a heavy hitter, fast baserunner and a good all-round player. No doubt he will greatly strengthen the team. He will help Winningham with the pitching. The Tigers, since their last defeat, have won four consecutive league games.

The Opera House Clippers line up this way: Hood, Agricola, Johnson, Harris, Hillmer, Myers, Quarles, W. Smith, DeFoor, Eubanks, Barnes, Adams, Connors and Cliff Smith.

There was a very interesting ten-inning game of ball played Saturday, June 27th, between the North Side Vectors and the North Side Eagles, in which the Eagles were defeated by the score of 14 to 11.

Score by innings:  
Vectors..0 1 2 2 2 0 1 0 1 5-14  
Eagles..1 0 1 1 2 1 2 0 1 2-11

Will Sheridan is doing good work at first for the Vectors.

The Vectors is the smallest team in the second division, but we think we can put up as good a game as any other team in the league.

The Forrest Avenue Stars failed to show up Wednesday and Umpire Jim Howell gave both games to the Humming Birds. We line up as follows: Emmet Lynch, catcher; Tom Dempsey, pitcher; Jim McCown, short stop; George Gable, first base; Dillard Miller, second base; George Caraway, third base; Carl Ray, left field; Sidney Davis, centerfield; Clifford Dempsey, right field. Tom Dempsey is manager and Jim McCown is captain.

The West Atlanta Grays defeated the Atlanta Juniors by a score of 13 to 10.

The features of the game were the three-base hit of Churchill and the home run of Lynch.

Score by innings:  
Grays..3 0 1 5 1 1 0 0 3 13-13  
Juniors..3 1 1 1 0 4 0 0 0 10-10

The South Side Blues did not show up Saturday, June 27th; the game was given to the Boulevard Sluggers by the umpire score—9 to 0.

## The Winning Team.

Won eighteen out of eighteen games. That is the record made by the Boulevard Stars during this season of baseball.

The Stars disbanded a few days ago, and with the best record that is possible to make. They have not confined their games to the teams in Atlanta, but have gone out of the city for several games, and won easily.

Some of the places the Stars played were: Stone Mountain, Douglasville, Decatur, Kirkwood, Fairburn and several other towns.

Gardner Adams was the successful manager of the team, while John Peel had charge of the diamond.

This was the same Boulevard Stars that won The Junior pennant last fall. They had the same batteries that were so hard to hit and who were invincible in the eighteen games just finished.

Durand Adams and Hulsey were the pitchers and Smith and Peel were behind the bat.

The team lined up as follows:  
Dearing, first base; Henson, second base; Grant, third base; Blackburn, shortstop; Butler, right field; Hightower, center field; Wilson, left field; Peel and Smith, catchers; Adams and Hulsey, pitchers; John Peel, captain, and Gardner Adams, manager.  
JUNIOR

## The Vectors Defeated.

There was an interesting game of ball between the Vectors and Crescents on the Vectors' grounds, which ended in a score of 10 to 5 in favor of the Crescents.

The batteries were: Crescents, Wilson and Peyton; Vectors, Kent and Thomas. Vectors' players—Peyton, catcher; Wilson, pitcher; Butler, shortstop and captain; Ehrhardt, first base; McDevitt, second base, and manager; N. Con, third base; Davidson, left field; Dunlap, center field; Stephens, right field; Reynolds, substitute.

The Tigers, Jr., defeated the Prior Street Juniors by a score of 17 to 12. The features of the game were the catching of Avery and the batting of Finley. The Juniors put in five pitchers, but all were knocked out.

The Atlanta Juniors failed to show up on the West End Grays' ground Tuesday morning and Umpire Edleman gave the game to the Grays.

There was a very interesting game played between the West Side Crescents and the Boulevard Sluggers in which the West Side Crescents won by a score of 10 to 3. The features of the game were the batting of Ray, Miller and Gable, of the West Side Crescents.

The West Side Crescents are looking for three good fielders, and would like to hear

from them at once. Address George Gable, 176 Davis street, city.

The Humming Birds have changed their name to the West Side Crescents. Their grounds are called the Red hills, at the end of Jones avenue.

The game that was to be played between the Humming Birds and the Forrest Avenue Stars on the Humming Birds' grounds was given the Humming Birds by a score of 9 to 0, on account of the Stars failing to show up on the grounds.

The West Atlantas were given a game by a score of 9 to 0, owing to the failure of the West Ends to show up on their grounds.

## Won With Ease.

A game of ball was played last Wednesday afternoon between the West Atlanta Grays and the Opera House Clippers. From the looks of the score the game was rather a one-sided one. The Grays easily won, as the following score will show. The features of the game were the batting and running of Waitt.

	ab.	bh.	e.	po.	r.
Munan, lf..	6	2	0	0	1
Ellsworth, 2b..	6	2	0	1	1
Lynch, c..	6	3	0	3	4
Howell, 3b..	6	0	0	0	1
Pradgon, lb..	6	3	0	3	3
Waitt, rf..	6	3	0	4	4
McElhanery, ss..	5	2	0	3	2
Turnage, cf..	4	0	0	2	1
Hurston, p..	5	0	0	3	1
Totals..	49	15	0	25	18

	ab.	bh.	e.	po.	r.
Myers, ss..	5	1	5	2	2
Evans, 2b..	5	0	2	4	1
Smith, p..	5	1	0	2	0
Hood, cf..	5	0	2	0	0
Defer, lb..	4	0	1	6	1
Johnson, 3b..	4	1	0	3	0
Cornor, lf..	4	0	1	1	0
Quarles, rf..	4	1	1	3	1
Brown, c..	4	1	0	2	0
Totals..	40	5	12	23	5

Score by innings:  
West Atlanta Grays..0 0 7 0 1 3 6 10-18  
Clippers..1 0 0 0 1 0 0 2-5

## Flashes from the Diamond.

What has become of the North Side Crescents? They seem to be defunct. They ought to have been one of the leading teams in the race for the pennant this year. As it is, there is no North Side



One of The Junior Leaguers.

Crescents. Were they afraid of the South Side Tigers Junior? It looks that way.

Bob Daniel is not playing ball this year. We are sorry to learn so. He was with out a rival last year. At the bat he was good and on the diamond there was none better. Surely, Bob is not too old to play ball (?).

Jim Lafelt, who caught on the South Side Stars of last year and who did the backstopping for the Technological school the season just over, has been signed by the Tigers. He is a good player.

Fred Allen is the star shortstop of the Atlanta Juniors. He plays great ball.

Walter Lynch, catcher of the West Atlanta Grays is O. K. He is acknowledged one of the best players who wears a "mask."

Dunlap, the little centerfielder of the Crescents, is a heavy batter. He is only fourteen years old and plays with the big Crescents. They say he is a "bird."

Butler, first base of the Crescents, is playing his first ball in Atlanta. He is from Augusta, and was considered a fine player there.

Willingham is doing the box work for the Tigers. He has developed considerably since last season, as he was hit hard the entire year.

Seymour and Martin, who were the crack players of the Grant Park Stars last season, are doing good work for the Atlanta Juniors.

Peyton and Wilson, of last year's Brisbane Park Stars, are still in the league and are playing good ball. Peyton is pitching and Wilson catching. Both are good men.

Tom Finley, who was unable to make the North Side Crescents last year, is doing great box work for the South Side Tigers.

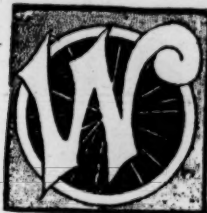
"Polly" Avery is behind the bat for the South Side Tigers. He was a substitute on the Crescents last year. He is a good backstop.

Can some one tell The Junior why there has been no Peachtree Blues for the last two years? They had a good team once upon a time.



# The Cyclist Reigns

Gossip Among the Young Riders.



ITH the many good roads that are around Atlanta it is no wonder that it is the greatest cycling city in the south. The cyclist is the king and the queen of the highways. The swell carts and landaus give them the right of way as they pass with the swiftness of the eye.

"How many wheels do you think there are in use in Atlanta today?"

One of our most prominent dealers was asked this question and he said it would be rash to make an estimate. However, he said that any number under 5,000 would not be a bad estimate. Grandfathers, grandmothers, fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers are all a-wheel. The wheels are all the go, and always on the go.

Peachtree street is the most popular thoroughfare in the city for the festive cyclists.



A AFTERNOON SCENE ON PEACHTREE STREET.

From early morning to late in the night the wheelmen and wheelwomen can be seen on the move. Since the city ordinance has been passed prohibiting fast riding down the asphalt, the boys and girls who wish to make "spurts," ride out the Peachtree road to Peachtree creek and back, which is an eight mile run from the city. This is one of the best long distance roads in the city, and with the exception of the one full near the creek it is an ideal track for an eight-mile ride, with about five miles of "spurring" ground.

Pryor street is a good bicycle road. The brick pavement that runs out over half a mile rivals the asphalt for the wheelmen. After leaving this pavement a good hard dirt road leads out for several miles. The south side riders claim their brick pavement to be better for riding than the asphalt.

It will probably be news to the riders to tell them that there are as many, if not more, wheels on the south side than on the north side of the city. One would not think so, by walking out Peachtree street one afternoon. But let's remember that there is Washington, Capitol avenue and Pryor streets that are good for cycling. While on the north side there is only Peachtree street on which the cyclists ride.

Here we have rivals. Who has the majority of riders, who can boast of the fastest riders?

## The Golf Hose.

The boys around town are "quite English, doncher know." They have sprung the English golf stocking on us. Many of the cyclists who coast down the boulevards have on these stockings. The question is are they the thing to wear this hot weather? Hardly. The hose are very heavy and with the heat of the day and that caused by riding they are somewhat uncomfortable.

The boys only wear them because "It's English, doncher know."

A most appropriate costume for cycling that is seen in many places in the north are short duck trousers and cap with various colored summer hose, tan being the more prominent. It is certainly a more comfortable one than the golf outfit.

## Girl's Costumes.

The costume that the young ladies are wearing are "up-to-date." The legging with the short skirts are worn throughout the states. They give the young ladies a free use of their limbs and there is no danger of the skirt being caught in the chain.

A duck skirt and cap with white shirt waist are worn considerably and make a cool, as well as neat, cycling outfit.

Speaking of the young lady riders, A local dealer said a few days ago that there were nearly as many girls' wheels as boys sold this year. Hundreds of the wooden rim, light wheels have been sold to the young lady riders of Atlanta, and the shops are working night and day turning out the many orders.

## In the Wheelman's Way.

This time last year Spier and Walthour were rivals. Spier was a most promising rider and won races from Walthour with ease. What has become of Spier? Is he still on the track? Or is he satisfied with his records of the past and is now among the long list of "retired riders?"

Walthour has kept on and is now the champion of the state.

By the way, didn't Spier win the tri-state championship medal in '94? Can he still claim the championship? We will in-

terview Mr. Spier for next week's edition and hear what he has to say about this.

Walthour is in Nashville running races against the crack men of the country. If he is successful he will go to the New Orleans meet.

What has become of the many Junior riders? There were many youngsters that gave promise of fast men in the junior road race of last year. Are they on the "retired list?"

Will Meador would make a fast man if he would go on the track. In the weekly road meets that were so interesting and exciting last year he proved to be the fastest scratch man on the road. Is he on the "retired list?"

How about a race between the fastest man under fourteen from the north side and the fastest under fourteen from the south side? A prize could be got up for the race. Let the boys from each side have a meet and race to select their man. Then for the championship.

The messenger boys in the city will soon have a meet among themselves. There is

considerable rivalry among the four or five establishments and the boys want to know who is the fastest man who carries messages.

"You can't scorch out on Peachtree." That is hard on the midnight riders who use the smooth pavement to train on late at night after the vehicles have stopped running.

Little "Monk" Ford is one of the fastest boys in the city. He is yet under fifteen, but has won out against boys three and four years his senior. He will make a faster man if he keeps it up.

## THE CYCLIST.

## AN ENJOYABLE OCCASION.

A Select Party Enjoy the Day at "Osborne."

One of the most enjoyable picnics that ever gladdened the heart and pleased the palate of the summer excursionist was given last Thursday night at Mrs. McClellan's beautiful summer home, "Osborne." The party was driven from the thriving little settlement of Hapeville in spring wagons and the wayside farmers were frequently startled by peals of laughter, mingled with joyous jests and snatches of song.

After paving the road with bananas, the party arrived at the charming hillside residence of the hostess. Preparations were immediately made for the disposal of all edibles, and when a table, filled with the most delicious products of the season, came in view our hunger soon prompted us to partake of the feast.

The spot was one of the most delicious I have ever had the pleasure of beholding. Under the shade of great oaks and hickories benches and soft retreats of moss soon lured many of the picnickers. Those who possessed more investigating spirits followed the little crystal stream in search of fern and beautiful views.

A slight and unexpected shower caused the party to seek the shelter of the protecting roof, where the eating and drinking were by no means diminished.

As the shades of evening were enveloping the scene the party embarked for the homeward trip. Those who shared the pleasures of the day were: Miss Pittman, Misses Youngblood, Mrs. Heard, Dr. Huntley, Mrs. Huntley, Miss Huntley, Mrs. McClellan, Miss Susie McClellan and Messrs. Richards, Youngblood, Roby and Malcolm McClellan.

## A Watermelon Party.

Lem Steele, Allen Maxwell, Homer Miller, Hunter Crockett and Tom Hull tendered a watermelon festival to about fifty of their friends last Wednesday evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Jatin, corner Hunter and Haynes streets. The party was greatly enjoyed by all present, and all went away praising the committee which arranged the party so nicely. Nearly all the young ladies and gentlemen from that portion of the city were in attendance.

## Mamma's Girl.

She puts her little arms about me,  
And kisses my faded lips,  
And she rubs my throbbing temples  
With her rosy finger tips.  
She sets the house in neatest order  
When all is in a whirl,  
And she tends the baby when my head aches—  
Mamma's girl.  
She smiles, and with her happy laughter  
Drives all our tears away;  
No one knows how to be sad or angry  
After living with her one day.  
She is like the little flush of sunshine  
That lies in her bonny curls,  
And every one loves her who knows her—  
Mamma's girl, the best of girls.



Lillie Sandier, Pleasant Hill, La.—Dear Junior: There has been quite an improvement in the little folks in the last year or two. We should think Aunt Susie as precious as a diamond, for she is so good and kind. I would like to say a few words to the girls, especially those who have large brothers. There are so many boys who have roaming minds and will not stay at home till they get grown, if they can possibly get away from their old home. Then, girls, we should try to make home pleasant to them while young. Help them to shun all that is evil. We should have many beautiful flowers to show them when lonely; some that will, by their peculiar scent and color, have a tendency to make them love that dear old yard and that dear sister who planted them there. We should also have their rooms nicely arranged and a large bouquet of lovely flowers in it that they may enjoy it while sitting there. Make everything as convenient as possible, they may enjoy it while sitting there, so that they will not become worried and tired of home when they are hunting for something that has been misplaced. Now, for the other side. Boys, you should think your sister far better than any other girl. Think your sister the "light" of your father's house. Do not neglect them for some other girl. Always think that they should come first, and above all, do not instead of going with her to church, go with some rough, wild boys. I have seen some young boys hurry off to church and leave their sisters to come by themselves or to stay at home. Often is a sister's heart made sad, simply by the neglect of a dear brother. For fear of saying too much I will not dwell on this subject any longer.

Charles A. Boulde, Hoyle, Ga.—Dear Junior: As most of the cousins are writing on one subject, I will take "Reading." Reading may be considered as the key which commands our entrance, and gives us access to the various departments of science and literature. It affords abundant material for exercising the faculties of the mind. From reading we are made acquainted with the passing events and occurrences in various parts of the world. To have good books and to be able to read them well is a great privilege. They pass away our leisure hours pleasantly and usefully. I think every family ought to take a good newspaper. When I say a paper I don't mean a novel paper but one that gives the news of what is going on in the country and towns, and do not be so ignorant of what is transpiring all around you. Such a paper is our own Constitution. It would save people much ignorance and serve to educate all. Wishing it much success I close.

Howard and Alma Norton, Sal Soda, Ala.—Dear Junior: We have a very beautiful and healthy country here. Have good schools and churches near us. Mount Pleasant school is half a mile away. Professor Orear lives about two hundred yards from the schoolhouse. There is a Christian Baptist church near by; also cotton gin, lumber mill and grist mill. School opened last Monday.

The land here is comparatively level and very fine longleaf, yellow pine timber. The land is of stiff, red nature and very productive. It is pleasant in the summer, as we get no breeze from the gulf; also mild in winter compared to the northern winters. Would like to correspond with some northern cousins. Will give them a full description of the land, etc., here in south-east Alabama. We are seven and nine years old. Our father takes "The Constitution." We find the Junior column very interesting. As this is our first letter to "The Constitution," we will close.

Mattie McDonald, Livingston, Ala.—Dear Junior: I think The Junior letters have improved very much. I live in the country three miles from Livingston. I enjoy country life much better than town. I have read a good many books. I will name some of them: "First Step for Little Feet," "Peep of Day," "Swiss Robinson Family," "A Trip to India," and "Jack and Jill."

Mamma raises chickens, turkeys and geese, and I raise ducks. I think ducks are so pretty!

I would tell about my flowers, but I fear that waste basket.

Success to the dear old Constitution, for I always loved it, and long may it live!

Hattie Heeth, Monticello, Fla.—Dear Junior: It has been a long time since I wrote to you. I expect you have quite forgotten me. I like to read the letters very much. Papa took us all to the Miccochuk lake a few weeks ago to spend the day fishing, gathering haws, berries, etc. There were twelve of us in the crowd. Mamma, Cousin Lila and myself decided we would look around a little, so we struck out through the swamp and when we wanted to go back we did not know which way to go. We roamed around, first in one direction and then another, for about half an hour, and when we did find our camps we had gone all round them and come up just the opposite direction from the way we left. And four of the others were gone to look for us and mamma sent another to look for them. We were scattered around nearly all day. Mamma says she will take a rope next time to tie us together. But we had a fine time just the same and want to go again. I send 5 cents to the Grady hospital.

"A Friend to the Afflicted."—May I ask the Juniors to please send Miss Mittie Parker, Enfield, N. C., reading matter and any token of remembrance. She is so sadly afflicted. Never expects to recover and destitute and denied of this world's pleasure. She will appreciate any remembrance and letters of cheer.

Lizzie Floyd, Snapping Shoals, Ga.—Dear Junior: I note quite an improvement in the cousins' letters. I think it a good idea to select a subject to write upon. I select for my subject, "Live for Something." Thousands of men breathe, move and live, pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? They did no good in the world. None were blessed by them; none could point to them as the instrument of their happiness. Not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke could be recalled, and so they perished. Their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Let us not so live and die. Let us live for

something. By doing good we may leave behind us a monument of virtue that storms of time can never destroy. Let us write our names by kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of the thousands we come in contact with year by year, and we shall never be forgotten. No, our names and our deeds will be as legible on hearts we leave behind as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as bright as the stars of heaven. Then let us strive to be good, and do good, and while we make others happy we shall be happier ourselves. And now is the time for us to prepare for the duties of life. I would like to correspond with some of the Florida cousins; age seventeen.

Oscar Nix, Carrollton, Ga.—Dear Junior: It has been some time since I wrote to the Young Folks' Corner. So I thought I would write again. I read all books and papers that come in my way. I live one and a half miles from Carrollton, the county site of Carroll. Corn, cotton, wheat, oats and potatoes are raised in this section of the state. I read a piece in "The Constitution, Jr.," this week entitled "The Goddess Wager." It teaches us to resist temptation. All of The Junior readers ought to buy one of Edna Griffith's pictures. I would like to correspond with some of the cousins; age thirteen.

William A. Faulk, Brief, N. C.—If I may be permitted to introduce myself to the cousins, I should like to join the older ones in discussing "The Goddess Wager." Morally, the story teaches that failure to keep promise and yielding to temptation bring misery and destruction. Well might every one live by the motto, "Watch, Listen and Resist Temptation." Another good motto derived from the story is this: Faithfully perform that which you promise to do. "The Goddess Wager," however, does not entirely please my idealistic fancy. Diana was reckless in waging and cruel in her demands on Althone. Venus and Hebe were none the less reckless and inhuman. Death is the most repugnant character in the story, while, everything considered, Althone is the most unfortunate.

Fair faces and symmetrical forms often devise schemes whereby others are entangled and brought low. One cannot thoroughly understand current literature of today without some knowledge of mythology, as mythological forms and derivatives are generally used freely by all reputable authors.

Lest my letter may fall a victim to the voracity of the waste basket, I now close. Should like a few correspondents.

Note.—Many thanks for your excellent discussion of the story. Hope all will read and profit by the moral you draw.

Evelyn and Lizzie Jones, Bellevue, Ga.—With happy hearts we greet the cousins this bright June morning. We live in the country and like it very much. My sister, who has just graduated at West Point, Miss, says that among the three hundred girls there who represent eleven different states "The Constitution" is a favorite. We believe that in time Atlanta will be the hub of all things. We wish correspondents among the little girls.

Mobel Markette.—I have visited Juarez, Mexico, several times. The houses are all built of adobe and cemented both inside and out. Imagine the largest box you can and you will have a good idea of them, as that is what they look like, built flat on the ground, with flat roofs and all of them square. In walking on the sidewalks one looks right into the residences—the Mexicans sit on the walks just as we do on our porches.

Most of the lower class live in abject poverty—off in one little adobe room or tent. They always have four or five children and as many dogs. They have but very little to eat and much less to wear. It makes me feel so sad to see them go from house to house with their bodies almost nude, pleading for alms. I often wish I was wealthy so I could relieve some of their sufferings. A woman came to our house the other day asking for work; said she had four children, who had nothing to eat or to wear, and her husband was dead. She wore only a few rags.

They are a very ingenious people—can make anything. They make the most beautiful and natural looking flowers of paper and wax; all kinds of crochet, drawn work and the most beautiful and rare designs. It takes weeks to make these, and they are sold for a very small sum. I have seen women so sick they could hardly stand up going about begging to have their flowers bought.

They are all Catholics, and are taught by the priest that unless they keep a blessed candle burning in their homes they will certainly be forsaken by God. The poor deluded creatures often pay the last cent they have to get the priest to bless one for them. The better class have them in every room, while the poorer class can only afford one—for which they would go hungry.

I was in Juarez one day and saw a young Mexican man pass a young woman. As he passed her he put his hand on her head. Immediately there was a shower of all colors of tissue paper cut into very small pieces of different shapes falling around her. Of course, I asked what that kind of maneuvering meant, and was told that he was in love. Is not that a queer way to woo?

They are great salesmen. They walk and carry their goods—mostly on their heads. I saw a boy carrying nearly a hundred pounds of ice on his head the other day.

It is said that one of their chief characteristics is stealing; they don't steal unless it is necessary. They have to do it or starve. If you befriended them they would do anything to protect you and your property. They love those who are kind to them.

There are many blondes in the better class; some red-haired ones. They live in grand style, with many servants and elegant homes.

The old cathedral in Juarez is over 300 years old. The same lights are burning in it now that were put there when it was completed. The ceiling is made of large cotton wood trees, carved all over by hand. They are the most generous people I have ever seen. If they have but one crust of bread they will willingly divide it with one who is in need. It makes no difference if they have never met before. They give as freely as if they were brothers.

They eat mostly beans, pepper, onions and a kind of bread made of crushed corn. I could tell you much more of them, but fear I have taken too much time and space now.

I have collected \$1.10 for the hospital, which I send. Wishing Aunt Susie success in this good work, I close.

El Paso, Tex.—Dear Junior: I have been reading with much pleasure and benefit the many letters in our children's page and on this beautiful June morning I ask admittance into your happy circle.

You all know that El Paso is only across the river from Juarez, Mexico, and therefore I have acquired quite a knowledge of the Mexican race, of which I will try to tell something to the cousins.



# Write of Myself

By M. L. CAVENDISH.

My trunk was packed and I had arranged with my senior partner—for a month's vacation. Aunt Lucy had written that her husband had gone on a trip and she wished me to superintend the business of his farm and mills in his absence, if I could arrange to do so. She added that "Gussie" thought it was a pity to trouble me and wanted to do the overseeing herself, but that she (Aunt Lucy) preferred to have a man at the helm of affairs. I had never seen my step-cousin, Augusta Ashley, but I knew from Aunt Lucy's remarks concerning her pretty much what sort of a person she was—just the precise kind I disliked immeasurably. I had no idea what her age was, but doubtless she was over thirty, and I had a sharp probing nose and a deformation between her eyebrows. I knew the type and I was assured that the period of my sojourn with my respected aunt would be one of strife between Miss Ashley and myself.

I wrote to Aunt Lucy to expect me, made all necessary arrangements and went to bid Nellie goodbye. I had made up my mind to marry Nellie. I had never openly avowed myself her suitor, but we were cousins and had grown up together, so that I knew her well enough to be sure of my ground. I liked her so well that I was easy to persuade myself that I was in love with her. She more than fulfilled the requirements of my ideal wife, that any one I knew. She was pleasant to look upon, without being distractingly pretty, small and fair and womanly. She dressed nicely, sang and played agreeably, danced well and had a cheerful, affectionate disposition. She was not alarmingly clever, had no "hobbies" and looked up to me as her to all wisdom of the ages—what man does not like to be thought clever and brilliant? I had no formidable rival and our families were anxious for the match. I considered myself a very lucky fellow. I felt that I would be very lonely without Nellie, when I was away, and she would be frankly that she would miss me awfully. She looked so sweet that I was on the point of asking her then and there to marry me. Well, fate intervened in the guise of a small brother, so I said goodbye and left, mentally comparing her to my idea of Miss Augusta Ashley, much to the latter's disadvantage.

When I stepped from the train at a sleepy country station next day I was promptly waylaid by a black-eyed urchin who informed me that Mrs. Ashley had sent him with an express wagon for my trunk and that she was waiting for me with the carriage at the store, pointing down to a small building before whose door a girl was trying to soothe her frightened horse.

As I went down the slope toward her I noticed she was tall—quite tall for my taste. I dislike women who can look into my eyes on a level—but I had to admit that her form was remarkably symmetrical and graceful. She put out her hand—it was ungloved and large, but it was firm, with a cool, pleasant touch—and said, with a composure unflatteringly akin to indifference:

"Mr. Cavendish, I presume. Mother could not come to meet you, so she sent me. Will you be kind enough to hold my horse for a few minutes? I want to get something in the store." Whereupon she calmly transferred the reins to me and disappeared.

At the time she certainly did not impress me as pretty, yet neither could I call her plain. Taken separately her features were good. The nose was large and straight, the mouth also a trifle large but firm and red, the brow wide and white, shadowed by a straying dash of brown curl or two. She had a certain cool, statuesque paleness, accentuated by straight, fine, black brows, and her eyes were a blue-gray, but the pupils, as I afterwards learned, had a trick of dilating into wells of blackness, which, added to a long fringe of very dark lashes, made her eyes quite the most striking feature of her face. Her expression was open and frank, and her voice clear and musical without being sweet. She looked about twenty-two.

At the time I did not fancy her appearance and made a mental note to the effect that I would never like Miss Ashley. I had no use for cool, businesslike women—men should have no concern with business. Nellie would never have troubled her dear curly head over it.

Miss Ashley came out with her arms full of packages, stowed them away in the carriage, got in, told me which road to take and did not again speak until we were out of the village and driving along a pretty country lane, arched over with common maples and golden-brown beeches. The purplish base of a sunny autumn day mellowed over the fields and the bunch of goldenrod in my companion's belt was akin to the golden ranks along the fences. I hazarded the remark that it was a fine day. Miss Ashley gravely advised that it was. When a deep smile seemed to rise somewhere in her eyes and creep over her face, discovering a dimple here and there as it proceeded.

"Don't let's talk about the weather—the subject is rather stale," she said. "I suppose you are wondering why on earth mother had to drag you away out here. I tried to show her how foolish it was, but I didn't succeed. Mother thinks there must be a man at the head of affairs or they'll never go right. I could have taken full charge easily enough. I haven't been father's boy all my life for nothing. There was no need to take you away from your business."

I protested. I said I was going to take a vacation anyway, and business was not pressing just then. I also hinted that, while I had no doubt of her capacity, she might have found the duties of superintending rather arduous.

"Not at all," she said, with a serenity that made me groan inwardly. "I like it. Father always said I was a born business manager. You'll find Ashley's Mills very quiet. I'm afraid. It's a sort of charmed sleepy hollow. See, there's home as we turned from the crest of one hill across to that of another. 'Home' with a big, white, green-shuttered house buried amid a riot of autumn color, with a big grove of dark green spruces at the back. Below them was a glimpse of a dark blue mill-pond and beyond it long sweeps of brown meadow land, sloping up till they dimmed in horizon, mists of pearl and purple.

"How pretty," I exclaimed, admiringly. "Isn't it?" said Gussie, proudly. "I love it." Her pupils dilated into dark pools, and I rather unwillingly admitted that Miss Ashley was a fine looking girl.

As we drove up Aunt Lucy was standing on the steps of the veranda, waving her white-robed hand in a friendly greeting, its leaves tinged by October frosts into lovely wine reds and tawny yellows. Gussie sprang out, barely concealing my offered hand with her finger tips.

"There's mother waiting to pounce on me and hear all the family news," she said, "so go and greet her like a dutiful nephew."

"I must take out your horse for you, first," I said, looking at her. "Not at all," said Miss Ashley, taking the reins from my hands in a way not to be disputed. "I always unharness Charley myself. No one understands him half so well. Besides, I'm used to it. Didn't I tell you I'd always been father's boy?" "I well believe it," I thought in disgust, as she led the horse over to the well and I went up to Aunt Lucy. Through the sitting room windows I kept a watchful eye on Mrs. Ashley as she watered and deftly unharnessed Charley and led him into his

stable with sundry pats on his nose. Then I saw no more of her till she came in to tell us tea was ready and led the way out to the dining room.

It was evident Miss Gussie held the reins of household government; and no doubt worthily. Those firm, capable white hands of hers looked as though they might be equal to any emergency. She talked little, leaving the conversation to Aunt Lucy and myself, though she occasionally dropped in an apt remark. Toward the end of the meal, however, she caught hold of an unfortunate opinion I had in relation to the business of the farm. The result was a spirited argument in which Miss Gussie held her own with such ability that I was utterly routed and found another grievance against her. It was very humiliating to be worsted by a girl—a country girl at that, who had passed most of her life on a farm! No doubt she was a triumph and wanted to vote. I was quite prepared to believe anything of her.

After tea Miss Ashley proposed a walk around the premises, in order to intimate me into my duties. Apart from his farm, Mr. Ashley owned large grist and saw mills and did a flourishing business. The details of which Miss Gussie seemed so conversant that I lost all doubt of her ability to run the whole thing as she wished. I felt quite ignorant in the light of her superior knowledge and our walk was enlivened by some rather too lively discussions. We walked about the place together, however, till the shadows of the firs by the mills stretched nearly across the pond and the white moon began to peep out from behind the trees. Gussie's eyes were very black and each cheek had a round, rosy stain on it. She had a little air of triumph at having defeated me.

"I have to go now and see about putting away the milk and I dare say you're not sorry to be rid of me," she said, with a demureness I had not credited her with, but if you come to the veranda in half an hour I'll bring you out a glass of new milk and some pound cake I made today by a recipe that's been in the family for 100 years, and I hope it will choke you for all the snubs you've been giving me." She walked away, after this amiable wish, and I stood by the pond till the salmon tints faded from its waters and stars began to mirror themselves brokenly in its ripples. The mellow air was full of sweet, mingled, evening sounds as I stood looking at the house. Aunt Lucy was knitting on the veranda. Gussie brought out cake and milk and chatted to us while we ate in an unconscious glaze way, or fed bits of cake to a green-eyed goblin in the likeness of a black cat.

She appeared in such an amiable light that I was half inclined to reconsider my opinion of her. When I went to my room the vast full of crimson leaves on my table suggested Gussie and I repeated the words "unfathomable for a moment—and only for a moment." Gussie and her mother passed through the hall below and Aunt Lucy's soft voice floated up through my half-open door.

"Well, how do you like your cousin, my dear?"

Whereat that decided young lady promptly answered:

"I think he is the most conceited youth I've met for some time."

Pleasant, wasn't it? I thought of Nellie's meek admiration of all my words and ways, and got her photo out to soothe my vanity. For the first time it struck me that her features were somewhat insipid. The thought seemed like a disloyalty, so I banished it and went to bed.

I expected to dream of that disagreeable Gussie, but I did not, and I slept so soundly that it was 10 o'clock the next morning before I woke. I sprang out of bed in dismay, dressed hastily and ran down, not a little provoked at myself. Through the window I saw Gussie in the garden digging up some geraniums. She was enveloped in a clay-stained brown apron, a big flapping straw hat half hid her face, and she wore a pair of muddy old kid gloves. Her whole appearance was disagreeable and the face she turned to me as I said "Good morning," had a diagonal crease of clay across it, and added eleven lines to my already long list of her demerits.

Afternoon, rather. Don't you know what time it is. The men were here three hours ago for their orders. I thought it a pity to disturb your peaceful dreams, so I gave them myself and sent them off. I was angrier than ever. A nice beginning I had made. And was that girl laughing at me?

"I expected to be called in time, certainly," I said stiffly. "I am not accustomed to oversleep myself. I promise it will not occur again." My dignity was quite lost on Gussie. She peeled off her gloves cheerfully, and said:

"I suppose you'd like some breakfast. Just wait till I wash my hands and I'll get you some. Then if you're pining to be useful, you can help me take up these geraniums."

There was no help for it. After I had breakfasted I went, with many misgivings. We got on fairly well, however. Gussie was particularly lively and kept me too busy for argument. I quite enjoyed the time, and we did not quarrel until nearly the last, when she fell out bitterly over some horticultural problem and went in to dinner in sulky silence. Gussie disappeared after dinner and I saw no more of her. I was glad of this but after a time I began to find it a little dull. Even a dispute would have been livelier. I visited the mills, looked over the farm and then carefully asked Aunt Lucy where Miss Ashley was. Aunt Lucy replied that she had gone to town over the farm and would not be back till the next day.

This was satisfactory, of course, highly so. What a relief it was to be rid of that girl with her self-assuredness and independence. I said to myself that I hoped her friend would keep her for a week. I forgot to tell you that she had not when, next afternoon, I saw Gussie coming in at the gate with a tolerably large satchel and an armful of goldenrod. I sauntered down to relieve her and we had a sharp argument over why before we were half way up the lane. As usual Gussie refused to give in and she was wrong.

Her walk had brought a faint, clear tint to her cheeks, and her rippling, dusky hair had half-fallen down on her neck. She said she had to make some cookies for tea and if I had nothing better to do I might so go and talk to her while she mixed them. It was not a very attractive proposition, I went, rather than be left to my own company.

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and went down the steps with her. I felt distinctly ill treated as I felt back with Aunt Lucy. This was a new experience. I should—none; it ought to have been a relief. Rev. Carroll Martin had every right to see Miss Ashley home if he chose. Doubtless a girl who knew all there was to be known about business, farming and milling, to say nothing of housekeeping and gardening, might be a little theology also. It was none of my business.

I don't know what kept me awake so late that night! As a consequence I overslept myself. I had managed to feed on my reputation on this point, but here it was lost again. I felt cross and foolish under such circumstances.

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"And Coco might have tumbled in and drowned while you were getting up," retorted Gussie. "What was the matter with me? I could go down as well as you could. 'No doubt,' I said more sharply than I am myself. 'I don't dream of disputing your ability to go down the well, but I take it you're not much of a swimmer. Perhaps not,' she rejoined with freezing calmness. 'But, as you may have discovered, I am not 'most young ladies' as you say. I can swim as well as you can. I am able to nobody but myself if I choose to go down the well every day for pure love."

She walked off, in her wet dress, with her muddy cat. Gussie Ashley was the only girl I ever saw who could be dignified under such circumstances.

I was in a very bad humor with myself as I went off to see about having the well cleaned out. I had offended Gussie, and I knew she would be easily appeased. Nor was she. For a week she kept me politely, studiously, at a distance, in spite of my most humble advances. Rev. Carroll was a frequent caller, ostensibly to make arrangements about a Sunday school they were organizing in a poor part of the community. Gussie and he held long conversations on this enthralling subject. Then Gussie went on another visit to her friend, and when she came back so did Rev. Carroll.

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Fortunately, the fire had made little headway, though a few minutes more would have given it a dangerous start. The flames hissed and died out as Gussie threw on the water, and in a few seconds only a small black hole in the shingles remained. Gussie slid down the ladder. She trembled in every limb, but she went to bed. I went to me with a faint, triumphant smile. We shook hands across the ladder with a cordiality never before expressed.

For the next week, in spite of Rev. Carroll, I was happy when I thought of Gussie and miserable when I thought of Nellie. I held myself in some way bound to her and was not her enemy. Undoubtedly! One day I got a letter from my sister. It was long and new, and the eighth page was most interesting.

"If you don't come home and look after Nellie," wrote Kate, "you'll soon not have a chance to see her. Remember the yellow of hers, Rod Allen? Well, he's home from the west now, immensely rich, they say, and he's got a new wife. He's in town talk. I think she likes him, too. If you bury yourself any longer at Ashley Mills, I won't be responsible for the consequences."

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## SARGE PLUNKETT.

Rejoicing Over the Glorious Prospects of a Good Crop.

THE CROPS ARE VERY FINE

Some Notes of Pleasant Things as Seen Upon the Return Trip Home.

Other Matters.

For The Constitution.

We returned home to find blackberries at their best, the folks all in good humor and we have not a regret for the time lost on our journey.

Nearly everybody should rejoice. There was never such prospects for a good crop as now. The fields are the clearest of grass and show the best culture that I have ever seen before. This can be accounted for in the dry spring—the long drought was just at the right time and the farmers pointed by it in putting in their best crops. The only complaint of any kind is that the corn is taking to the cotton and are liable to injure the plant. But there is plenty to spare. If something does not happen to set it back there will be the greatest cotton crop ever known.

Corn is splendid and a plenty. The oat crop was all that failed. Wheat was splendid, the fields are the clearest of grass and show the best culture that I have ever seen before. This can be accounted for in the dry spring—the long drought was just at the right time and the farmers pointed by it in putting in their best crops. The only complaint of any kind is that the corn is taking to the cotton and are liable to injure the plant. But there is plenty to spare. If something does not happen to set it back there will be the greatest cotton crop ever known.

It does me good to think of the young people we have seen on our trip. It is just the happiest time of the year with the young folks—the beginning of lay-by. The boys are driving to get through and the girls are waiting in happy anticipation. By the fourth all corn will be through with the big times will commence. From don't till foddering there will be good times with Georgia country young folks. They will have picnics, maybe go on a few excursions, and then the big meeting cleaned out. I had been to the meeting and knew she would be easily appeased.

Nor was she. For a week she kept me politely, studiously, at a distance, in spite of my most humble advances. Rev. Carroll was a frequent caller, ostensibly to make arrangements about a Sunday school they were organizing in a poor part of the community. Gussie and he held long conversations on this enthralling subject. Then Gussie went on another visit to her friend, and when she came back so did Rev. Carroll.

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